Week ending June 11 1949

Every Thursday Threepence

John Bull

NIGEL BALCHIN'S
Brilliant New Novel
"A SORT OF TRAITORS"
starts in this issue

How long do you keep a Headache?

A HEADACHE can last all day, or may be relieved in a matter of minutes. It all depends on the steps you take.

The best way to deal with a headache is to take 'Alasil' tablets. They incorporate new scientific principles by which two important constituents are combined, one of outstanding value for quickly dispelling pain and the other equally valued for its protective influence on the stomach, thereby allaying unpleasant after-effects.

'Alasil' tablets break up at once on the tongue or in water and begin to act immediately. That is why 'Alasil' relieves Headache so quickly and effectively.

Take 'Alasil' also for: TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATIC PAIN, LUMBAGO, SLEEPLESSNESS or PERIODIC PAINS.

Small size tablets: Cartons 4d. Glass tubes 1/7.

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Relieve Pain Quickly with

Alasil

A Product of the 'Ovaltine' Research Laboratories

AS111

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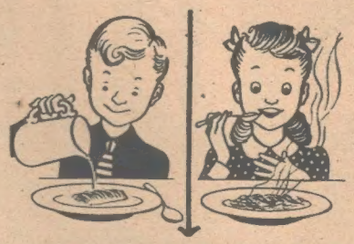
After the day's work Mr. and Mrs. Brown often take their ease in the comfortable lounge of their "local." Here they spend an hour or so with their friends in cheerful conversation. This home-like atmosphere of our inns is true to tradition. When conditions again permit the brewers to build new and improved licensed houses, this tradition will continue to be maintained.

BEER IS BEST *in the inn that's true to British traditions*

Big 2-in-1 Breakfast Buy!



1 GRAND CEREAL GIVES YOU BOTH

DELICIOUS
COLD CEREAL
Here's a grand full-of-goodness summer breakfast for the whole family. Take big, golden, nourishing Welgar Shredded Wheat straight from the package, add milk and sugar and serve with stewed or fresh fruit. It's delicious!

1 MINUTE
HOT CEREAL
Try this recipe for *hot* Shredded Wheat. Place two crumbled biscuits into a small saucepan, add a pinch of salt and enough water to cover the bottom of the pan. Boil and stir until thick. Serve with milk and sugar.

WELGAR SHREDDED WHEAT

12 *extra large Biscuits* **8D**

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For GREENHOUSES, SHEDS AND POULTRY HOUSES. Fully Sectional Send for Free Illus. Leaflets.

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Whatever the pleasure *Player's* complete it

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ALL COLOURS **5/-**

(With Blue Ink) Refills - Blue, Red or Green Ink 1/11 From Stationers Scrib L^td Ldn. S.W.19

See How **Beautifully They Write**

BALL PEN Scroll

REFRESHING

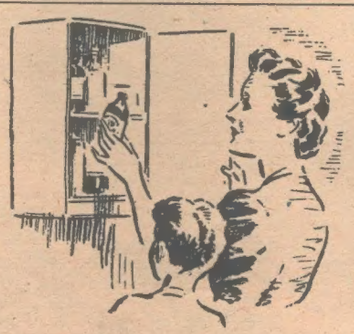
Cuticura Soap gives your skin that delightfully smooth feeling. Its emollient properties are specially valuable for rough or chafed skin.

21

Cuticura SOAP

The family friend

Friendly and comforting in many a minor digestive upset. Bringing double-action relief promptly and pleasantly. A gentle laxative and an effective antacid. Kept at hand in all the best regulated families.



'Milk of Magnesia'

REGD. TRADE MARK

Large size 3/2 — equals 3 small size 1/7

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EDITORIAL

Speed up the clean milk campaign

"OUR ORTHOPAEDIC hospitals throughout the country are filled with small children lying in splints, sometimes for years, suffering from surgical tuberculosis which can be attributed to infected milk."

Dr. Edith Summerskill, of the Food Ministry, said this during Parliament's discussion of the new Bill which is to make pasteurization of milk compulsory.

Pasteurization renders milk completely safe, and Professor A. D. Kay, of the National Institute for Dairy Research, has stated that routine commercial pasteurization causes practically no nutritional change in milk.

Why, then, are children's lives still allowed to be ruined or lost because of unsafe milk? There are two reasons. One is that a great prejudice against pasteurization still obstructs progress. It is the same sort of ignorant prejudice which for many years obstructed progress with vaccination, inoculation and even anaesthetics.

The other reason is that the country still lacks plant to treat all its milk and until recently lacked laws to enforce treatment.

At last we have the law, after twenty-five years of campaigning. It enables the Government to insist that, in any specified area, only milk which has been made safe shall be sold for drinking.

Unfortunately, the Government can do this only where pasteurization facilities exist. It does not expect to be able to specify the first area in which all milk must be safe before next spring. It does not expect the whole country to be sure of buying clean milk for at least another five years, and possibly ten years.

So thousands more children are condemned by their elders' lack of foresight to go to hospital with tuberculosis and other milkborne diseases.

That is the tragic scandal which mars the pleasure we should otherwise feel at this spring's derationing of milk; at the fact that milk production and consumption are now all-time records; and at the replacement of notices about restrictions by "Drink More Milk" posters.

Therefore, JOHN BULL, while congratulating the Government on its Milk (Special Designations) Bill, must criticize gravely the intention of letting five to ten years pass before enforcing it all over the country.

When children's lives are at stake we cannot count the cost and the trouble needed to save them. Pasteurization is a simple process—raising milk to a given temperature, keeping it there for a while, then cooling it. It can, of course, be done crudely at home by boiling the milk, but to do it properly in bulk before the milk is sold to the customer, special equipment is necessary. That equipment must be found.

Meanwhile we recognize that there is an even better way to clean milk than pasteurization—to get all the nation's milk from disease-free cows. So, side by side with pasteurization must go a ceaseless campaign to build up new clean herds and get rid of the old infected ones.

This will take many years. In England only 10 per cent of herds are entirely clean; in Wales 27 per cent, and in Scotland 35 per cent. Two out of every five dairy cows are tainted with tuberculosis. Three or four in a herd can poison the milk of all when it is bulked.

Therefore, even though we regard the new Act as a stopgap, it is an essential one.

WHAT has already been done in London can and must be done rapidly elsewhere. Ninety-eight per cent of London's milk is pasteurized, with the result that the city's death-rate from abdominal tuberculosis among children is only a tenth of that in rural areas—which get the dirtiest milk of all!

The rich cream which is so much admired on "country milk straight from the cow" may—unless the cow belongs to a clean, tuberculin-tested herd—be swarming with germs.

Over Britain as a whole three pints of milk in every ten are sold untreated and are therefore dangerous.

Look at it another way, and you may say that three children in every ten run daily risk of disease. This risk would be ended if pasteurization were applied universally at once.

Before an area is "specified" by the Government under the new Act, a survey will be made of its pasteurization plants. Where these are too small to handle all the raw milk from unsafe herds, the distributors will be "asked to increase their facilities, and producer-retailers will be encouraged to upgrade their milk to T.T. standard or to arrange for it to be pasteurized."

That is the official intention. But it must be carried out with a thoroughness and determination which are not conveyed by the official language! Every day of delay endangers more lives.

The public—which means fathers and mothers—can help by boiling unsafe milk and by demanding the pasteurization of supplies while waiting for the farms to be cleared of infected cattle.

JOHN BULL 186 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
JUNE 11, 1949 VOLUME 85 NUMBER 2241 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

BE A

Maclean-Shaven Man

Your razor seems sharper . . . your blades last longer . . . your face feels smoother . . . all thanks to the wonderful lathering properties of Macleans Shaving Cream, with its soothing effect on the skin. See how economical it is, too. A very little Macleans gives you the quickest, easiest, sweetest shave you ever enjoyed.

with

MACLEANS
Quick Lather
Shaving Cream

In tubes and jars, whichever you prefer,
1/6

5 MILLION WOMEN CAN'T BE WRONG!

Women admire men with a smart well-groomed appearance, impossible to achieve without a clean smooth shave like the one you always get with an Ever-Ready Razor.

Ever-Ready De Luxe SET

Comprising an Ever-Ready nickel-plated one-piece snap-action razor, and six super keen Ever-Ready Corrux blades in handsome case of plastic material in a variety of attractive colours.

COMPLETE 5/3 TAX PAID

Ever-Ready
ONE-PIECE *Snap-Action* RAZOR
WITH THE PERFECT **Ever-Ready** CORRUX **Blade**

Reduced Prices

SUCH LOVELY WINE NOW FIVE-AND-NINE

But quality and strength unchanged

Our British Wines represent the best value in wine obtainable today, and the name "WHITEWAY" on a label has been a guarantee of purity and quality for over 50 years.

RUBY and WHITE Good full bodied wines.	*Per Bott.*	5/9
BRITISH SHERRY. Brown Excellent for general use.	,,	7/6
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WHITEWAY'S WINES

CVS-115

By Appointment Biscuit Manufacturers to H.M. King George VI HUNTLEY & PALMERS LTD., READING, ENGLAND

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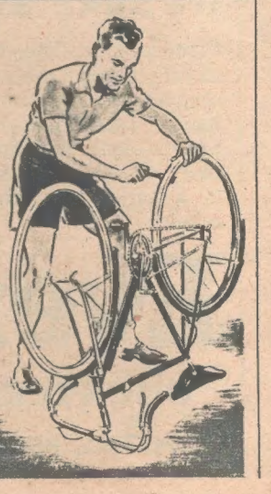
READY FOR THE ROAD?

Brake blocks and brake accessories . . . . chains . . . . spokes . . . . valves and inner tubes . . . . these are a few MUSTS when checking over your cycle for the coming season. De-rusting and re-enamelling too . . . your local Halfords will willingly advise you.



BRANCHES IN ALL LARGE TOWNS

LOOK AROUND Halfords

Free Speech

TOBACCONIST HAD SECOND THOUGHTS; MIDWIVES SHOULD NOT GOSSIP; WHAT MORE CAN WE DO TO FIND MISSING PEOPLE?

A FRIEND OF MINE asked for ten cigarettes at a local shop and was refused. He knew a supply was in and consulted a policeman. Both returned to the shop and he was promptly served with ten of the best quality.

Did it need the presence of a policeman to make the shopkeeper realize that if the goods are available and the proper amount is tendered, it is unlawful to refuse to serve a customer?—W. DAVIES, 82 Argyle Street, Darwen.

"So-and-So's Expecting"

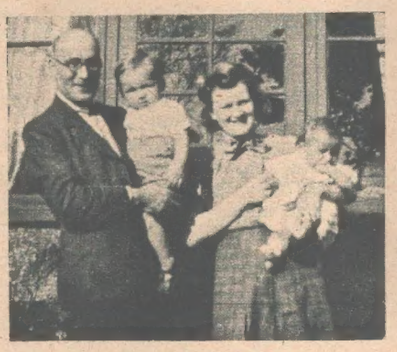
DOCTORS NEVER DISCUSS their patients with anyone. The same rule should apply to midwives. Surely it shouldn't be necessary for a midwife to tell people who in the village has booked her services and the date.—MRS. B. M. O., Cheshire.

Search By Radio

FOR OVER THREE YEARS now my sister has been missing. Would it not be a good idea for the B.B.C. to allot a few minutes each week to broadcasting appeals to missing people or anyone knowing of their whereabouts?—MRS. VIOLET I. MONK, 1028 Chester Road, Erdington, Birmingham.

Age Gap In Marriage

HUSBANDS AND WIVES need not be of similar age. Years make no difference. My husband is thirty-three years my senior and had been married before and



The Moore family

was the father of five daughters when he married me. I was twenty-one, he was fifty-four. We now have two sons. He is a perfect father to them and we are very happy, though we have had our ups and downs.

My only advice to a couple where there is a difference in ages is to have nothing to do with the neighbours.—MRS. BLANCHE MOORE, 8 Rintoul Avenue, Munts Park, Coventry.

Case For Priority

OVER A YEAR AGO, I sent a claim to the Inspector of Taxes (not in this district) for a refund of income tax deducted at source. Up to date, no settlement has been made.

The authorities should realize that this kind of claim, being part of income and therefore needed as it falls due, should have priority.—DAVID H. GRAHAM, 1 Astor Road, St. Peter's, Broadstairs, Kent.

79—And Still At It

I SEE IN THE PAPERS occasionally that men between thirty and fifty complain that they cannot get work. I am seventy-nine and do not even have the old age pension, so I have to make a living as best I can. I run a small shop, do a little teaching and a bit of writing for the papers. Surely if I, approaching eighty, can earn a living, men of thirty or forty should be able to manage.—JOHN BALFOUR, 391 St. John Street, London, E.C.1.

How To Smile

Miss Lya Korda

KAY NASH was quite right in saying that a nice smile makes a difference ("Free Speech," April 23). But why do people smile only with their mouths or with their eyes? What about the nose, the chin, the cheeks, the face as a whole?—MISS LYA KORDA, Murthly, Perthshire.

Passing Of The Proverb

LISTENING TO MY MOTHER the other day, I was impressed by the richness of figures of speech with which her conversation abounded. Most schoolchildren only use proverbs, etc., in exercises. What a pity it will be when the figures of speech our mothers and fathers use daily become just material for text-books, which is what will happen. Don't publish my name or I shall find myself with several more exercises on proverbs and idioms.—SCHOOLGIRL, Stockport.

Horrors Of Housework

BECAUSE I DISLIKE HOUSEWORK, I am considered mad. I look at it this way. I work in the garden and get as a return fruit, flowers and vegetables. I work in the house and get a fit of coughing due to the dust—and the next day the dirt is back again.

I know housework has to be done but I cannot see why anyone should *like* doing it.—MRS. E. L. LLOYD, Carbery, St. Leonard's, Ringwood, Hants.

Cat And His Doubles

THE STORY "DEAF WHITE" by H. E. L. Mellersh (JOHN BULL, May 14) interested me, as I have a white cat to which the description could be applied. He hasn't got one blue and one green eye but he is stone deaf and he loves to play with water.—MISS ROSEMARY BORAS, The Rosery, Locks Road, Parkgate, Southampton.

. . . I own an all-white cat with one blue eye and one green, and my name is the same as that of the old gentleman in the story.—MRS. J. TIMMINS, 102 Walkden Road, Walkden, Manchester.

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address is in the letter.

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It's time she knew that

Smith Alarms

RULE THE ROOST

Firm *masters* of reluctant risers and *masterpieces* of reliability, style and value. Be glad to own a British made handwound 'Smithalarm.' Sold by Jewellers and Stores with Clock Dept.

THE *Victory*

25s. 9d. luminous. **21s. 6d.** non-luminous

SMITHS ENGLISH CLOCKS LTD. The Clock & Watch Division of S. Smith & Sons (England) Ltd.

TO THOSE

WHO TAKE ASPIRIN

In the past five months some five thousand doctors have been told about the new aspirin, called Disprin. Their reception of Disprin leaves no room for doubt about medical preference for an aspirin that is neutral (non-acid) and soluble.

Aspirin is acid (acetylsalicylic acid) and almost insoluble in water. Therein lies the trouble. Aspirin enters the stomach in the form of undissolved acid particles, which are liable to produce gastric irritation resulting in heartburn and dyspepsia. Disprin, on the other hand, forms a neutral (non-acid) palatable solution. Because it is non-acid, it does not irritate the stomach lining. Because it dissolves completely, it is more rapidly absorbed and is therefore quick to give relief. Your doctor knows how important this is for your comfort and health. *From all chemists, price 2/-*

DISPRIN REGD **to relieve pain**

NEUTRAL: NON-ACID • NON-IRRITANT
SOLUBLE • RAPID IN RELIEF • PALATABLE

RECKITT & COLMAN LTD., HULL AND LONDON. (PHARMACEUTICAL DEPT., HULL)

Equipment Assistant

...A KEY CAREER

in the R.A.F.

When a pilot needs a new flying helmet, or a Vampire a new engine, the Equipment Assistant sees that they get them. It's a big job seeing that the thousands of different kinds of equipment are in the right place at the right time : a job that requires initiative, imagination and organising ability. The Equipment Assistant's training develops these qualities which take a man far, whether in the service or in commerce and industry. Yet this is only one of the many skilled trades open to men between the ages of 17½ and 33 who can join the R.A.F. initially for five to twelve years. So send in the coupon—today!

Learn your trade in the

ROYAL AIR FORCE

and be trained for life!

TO:—AIR MINISTRY, DEPT. JB15x, VICTORY HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2
Please send full details of R.A.F. careers (open envelope—1d. stamp)

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ADDRESS.....

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EX-AIRMEN SHOULD ASK FOR DETAILS OF £125 BOUNTY SCHEME

It's Elastoplast-icity you want in First Aid

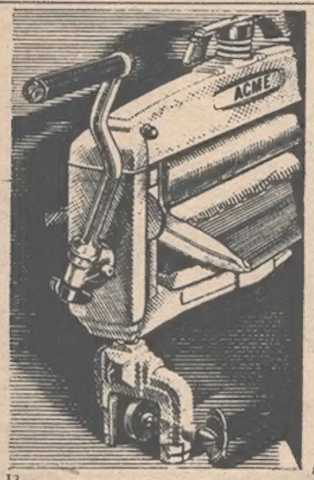
ADHERING AND STAYING FIRMLY IN PLACE YET STRETCHING with the natural movement of skin and muscle! Yes, Elastoplast is like an extra skin protecting and comforting cuts and abrasions. All Elastoplast dressings have this 'Elastoplast-icity', and now, as well as the familiar fabric dressings, there is the *new* Waterproof Elastoplast—*waterproof* dressings with 'Elastoplast-icity'!

2 KINDS OF

Elastoplast

TRADE MARK

From one quality street to another...
Princes Street, Edinburgh
Mackintosh's 'Quality Street'
A DELICIOUS ASSORTMENT OF TOFFEES & CHOCOLATES
Mackintosh's Quality Street



DON'T BUY A PIG IN A POKE!

And that goes for lots of things these days, wringers for example! Many on the market are newcomers and comparatively unknown. They may be good—again they may not be. Why risk it when you can get an ACME with seventy years of manufacturing experience behind it. ACME is the only CLEANSER-WRINGER too, and Acme has a name which is your guarantee that you're getting the finest there is. Over four million Acmes have been sold already! Pretty good proof that ACME gives the best results.

ASK TO SEE THE

ACME

ACME WRINGERS LTD. DAVID ST. GLASGOW S.E.

13

The Bristles won't come out!

Harris...

the paint brush with a name to its handle

L. G. HARRIS & COMPANY LIMITED • STOKE PRIOR • WORCESTERSHIRE

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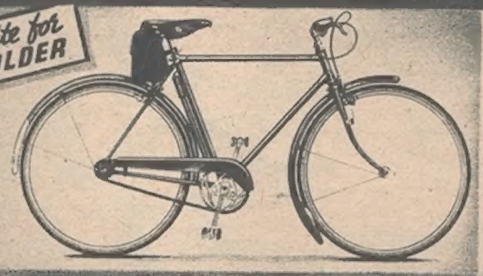
THE LIGHTEST OF ALL standard BICYCLES AND THE BEST!

Write for FOLDER



Evolved by experts and constructed by craftsmen for the Connoisseur, this bicycle has been created to satisfy the demands of riders who appreciate the best of everything.

PRICE - - - £15.15.0
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Plus Purchase Tax £3.13.6

Write for Special Folder 'J.B.'

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LIGHTWEIGHT TOURER

THE ENFIELD CYCLE CO., LTD., REDDITCH

IT ISN'T ENOUGH TO **LOOK** *CLEAN...*

free your pores of your WORK-WEARY SELF!

Charm depends on much more than clean *looks!* You're never really sure of attractiveness until Lifebuoy has washed all those inward traces of work and weariness right out of your pores. It's specially blended to wash you FRESH IN EVERY PORE. It leaves you so confident, so carefree!

LIFEBUOY

Toilet Soap

makes you FRESH IN EVERY PORE

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

LBT 679-1160

Does washing-up give women RHEUMATISM?

Says Grandpa Kruschen

'WHY NOT WASH YOUR HANDS OF RHEUMATISM?'

THE discomfort of rheumatic hands is not born in the wash-basin.

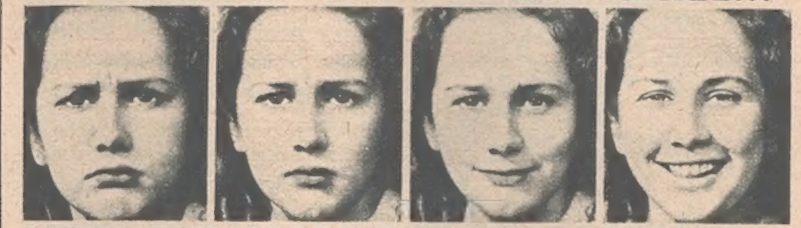
The original cause of rheumatism may very often be traced to accumulated impurities in the system — poisons which in young people are usually naturally expelled. In middle age, however, nature often needs some assistance. Kruschen can provide this help.

Kruschen is no *ordinary* laxative. It is six specially blended salts. They work in two ways—aperient and diuretic—thus helping nature to expel the impurities through the natural channels. The little regular dose of Kruschen can prevent them forming again. *You will find the Kruschen Powder so easy to take.*

Kruschen costs 1/4 and 2/4 Powder or Crystals at Chemists and Grocers. The 2/4 size will last you twice as long.

JB Thousands thank **KRUSCHEN**

BRUSH... UP... YOUR... SMILE...



WITH THE CORRECT-SHAPE TOOTHBRUSH

Wisdom REGD

ADDIS LIMITED OF HERTFORD, MAKERS OF THE FIRST TOOTHBRUSH IN 1780

Firemen probe wreckage after mid-air collision between airliner and R.A.F. York over Northolt. In theory, planes were flying 500 feet apart

WHY DO PLANES CRASH?

by HARRY HOPKINS

After every air accident there's the same question: What happened in those last few fatal minutes? To crash detectives, a twisted propeller flung from the wreckage may reveal as much as fingerprints do to Scotland Yard

THE DRONING OVERHEAD broke off. A second later came the terrible splintering sound. High up on the mountainside the fog glowed red. The village policeman grabbed his bike and raced for the phone box. "There's been a plane crash . . . yes . . . just now."

In a quiet office above Woburn Place, London, another phone bell shrills. The man at the desk asks a few careful questions, makes a note, then picks up the receiver again. Before the grim headlines are off the presses, the Accidents Investigation men are on the way.

A giant airliner strewn across a Highland moor or a stockbroker's little Auster crumpled in a clover field in Kent—it comes all the same to them. Heathrow or a high pass in the Andes; the Iranian desert or the Russian Zone of Germany: the question confronting them is always the same: What went wrong?

Sometimes they have the answer in a few hours; other times it may take days and weeks of patient investigation, slowly building up the evidence, reconstructing from a shapeless heap of metal the detailed story of those last few fatal minutes.

The accident detective can look at a broken cable and tell whether it was cut or parted; he can examine a scrap of metal and read the story of its "fatigue growth lines," say whether it was defective, or whether it was an "honest" break. To you or me a tattered fringe of fabric would mean nothing, but he will feel the minute knots that mean it had been "fluttering," and tell you the tear came not after the crash, but before it.

Crash detectives work in teams. An inspector, an investigating officer from the airframes section, another from the engines, perhaps a radio specialist or an automatic landing aids man. Just which officers go out on which jobs depends on the make of the crashed plane.

Log Book As Evidence

Once on the scene, the inspector contacts the coroner and the local police, then goes to work on the documentary evidence—the certificate of air worthiness, the certificate of safety issued by the ground engineer before the plane started, the crew's records, the plane's record, the log book.

Meanwhile the investigating officers are giving the ground a quick going-over before anything is moved. Was it a flat spin or a stall? Did the plane crash at speed or slowly? If there was fire, where did it originate? A flame-pitted bulkhead, a nut melted and warped may tell that story. Wheel tracks, marks cut on the earth by wing-tips, build up the picture.

So do the propellers. Twisted into fantastic shapes, or untouched, they are to the air accident men what the fingerprint is to Scotland Yard. Investigating one crash in the West African bush the man from Woburn Place found the branches of several trees had been cleanly cut through. Close by he found the tip of a propeller blade. Clearly, that engine had been running at speed and under power.

The propellers of the K.L.M. Constellation which crashed in Ayrshire last year with the loss of forty lives had a different story to tell. Chief investigating officer Eric Newton reported that a blade had been torn off each of the four propellers and each had notches on its leading edge. The notches were made by high tension cables which the plane struck before it reached the ground.

If a propeller—little damaged—points to an engine's failure, probably the engine will be removed from the wreckage and sent away, in a sealed container, to the manufacturers for strip examination. An accidents investigator will travel after it.

Did the fracture occur before the crash —or on the impact? That is a question the crash detectives are always up against.

Sometimes a smear detected on one fragment of wreckage will turn up again on another. Put the two pieces together and, if the smear makes a continuous pattern, you have your answer. Those pieces were together as the plane was coming down.

Even a minute detail like the position of the rivets in their holes will fill in another line in the picture the investigators are building up. It shows which way the aircraft's skin "pulled."

But it may be days, even weeks, before a crucial clue is run to earth. When the prototype Tudor, in which designer Roy Chadwick was killed, crashed in Cheshire, a pond had to be drained and the wreckage dug out of the mud and cleaned before an error made by a mechanic in reassembling control gear overnight came to light.

On another investigation a small piece of plastic material with a bit of wood stuck into it was eventually found two miles from the wreck. The plastic was a bit of the plane's nose and the splinter a bit of the propeller. It showed that, after all, the propeller *had* burst in the air.

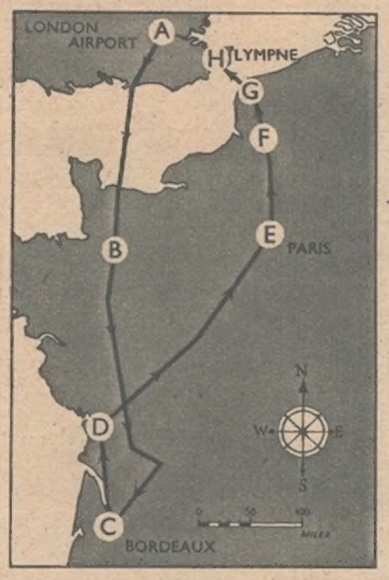
Hidden In The Corn

The trouble is that wreckage may be spread over miles of difficult country. When that happens, an inspector may get together the local boy scouts, the police, farmhands and organize a thorough combing of the ground.

A missing bit of tailplane was located by helicopter in the middle of a field of corn. The hovering investigator photographed it. "When you cut that corn," he told the farmer, "you'll find a bit of aeroplane. We'd like to have it."

Carefully plotted, the wreckage trail itself can be eloquent for the investigators. One chart I saw showed the positions, spread over five miles, of forty-five bits of plane. It showed where the witnesses were standing, where the bodies of the crew fell, the direction of the wind. Putting these factors together, considering what fell off first, the trained mind

LOG BOOK OF AN AIR DISASTER



PROGRESS of the Dakota flight which ended in the 1947 crash at Stowting, Kent:

(A) Take-off from London at 9.48 on a misty morning. First stop to be Bordeaux.

(B) At 11.20 the plane radioed: "Flying in poor visibility at 6,000 feet."

(C) By 12.42 the plane was over Bordeaux. It came so near to landing that the radio operator logged: "Aircraft lands. Engines off." Then he crossed out the entry and wrote instead: "Returning to London."

(D) At 1.30 the pilot changed his mind and set course for Paris.

(E) Plane arrived over Paris at 2.40. It reported: "Fuel only for 45 minutes." But the weather was bad and it flew off towards the coast.

(F) At 3.24 it called Manston: "Fuel short. Your weather. Hurry please."

(G) By 3.52 it was over the French coast, calling fog-bound Lympne. It was told to land at Manston, a few miles to the north.

(H) At 4.2 it sent out an S O S and crashed four minutes later. Five gallons of petrol were still in the tanks.

of the investigator was able to go straight to the seat of the trouble.

What makes an air accident sleuth? Most of the investigating officers—the technicians of the business—come from aircraft manufacturers' drawing offices. The inspectors must hold a navigator's licence and have done at least a thousand hours of civil flying. Some of them are old flying hands, like the chief inspector himself—Air Commodore Vernon Brown, who served as a test pilot with the R.F.C. in the first World War.

Witnesses are an inspector's pigeon, and, though they can be even trickier than marks on bits of wreckage, there have been times when an observant witness has come along with a bit of information which has made the whole jigsaw fall into place.

Icing was suspected as the cause of a Lancaster crash—but nothing could be proved. Then an old man who'd been hoeing turnips at the time came up to Air Commodore Brown.

He'd heard the roar and the thud and he'd seen the flames shoot up. Then something had come whipping through the air over his head and buried itself some way off in the ground.

He'd found the place and he'd dug. What he found was unexpected: a lump of ice. Did it mean anything?

"What shape?" asked the inspector. The old man made a curve with his hands. And the inspector had his solution. For the curve was the leading edge of the wing of a plane.

Souvenir hunters are the bane of the Accidents Investigation Branch. They talk about them as builders talk about dry-rot. Once, one investigator told me, he saw a couple of women give their babies to people in the crowd to hold and fill their prams with splintered wood almost before the plane had hit the ground.

Key To The Collision

Unfortunately, it is the crashed plane's instruments that souvenir hunters most favour for the mantelpiece. And it is just this precise and silent evidence which often contains the key to the whole situation. In the terrible collision between the R.A.F. York bringing the Governor of Malaya from Singapore and the Swedish airliner while both were waiting to land at Northolt, a great deal turned on the adjustment of the altimeters to the correct standard barometric pressure for the hour of the day.

These, together with witnesses' statements, the discovery of the York signaller's watch which had stopped at 3.2½ p.m., the minute-to-minute record of conversations between the aircraft and the control tower, and the marks made by the Swedish plane's propeller cutting across the York's wing, enabled the investigators to build up a fairly clear picture of how two planes theoretically separated by 500 feet of air had, in fact, come to hit each other.

The good accidents investigator is a man who never jumps to conclusions. Even if he wanted to it would be difficult these days, for he is required to find the answers to forty-seven standard questions covering most contingencies.

So many things can happen to an aircraft in flight. It can hit birds, for instance, especially in India. Generally a spatter of blood and a feather or two somewhere tell that story. Or huge tropical hailstones can tear sizeable holes in the wing edges. Or carbon monoxide can leak and gas the pilot.

To the practical complexities of aeronautical engineering are added the infinite possibilities of human error. A pilot may land a plane with perfect safety at an airport four hundred times but—as happened not long ago—on the 401st time he may send the aircraft crashing into a hillside.

Here the investigator enters territory as yet only half-known. Most difficult of all, perhaps, are the cases where misjudgment and misfortune intertwine, innocuous singly, together disastrous.

At 9.48 a.m. on January 11, 1947, a B.O.A.C. Dakota G-AGJX took off from London Airport on a routine flight to West Africa. Shortly before one o'clock, as it arrived over Bordeaux, its first stop, the weather began to worsen. Finally, just as its turn to land came round, an R.A.F. plane limped along in distress and was given priority.

Four minutes later, Bordeaux Control told JX it was now Number One to land. But by this time the pilot had decided the weather was too bad. He asked for the weather at Toulouse.

But there was no plan of Toulouse airfield in his route book and he had not been there before. So at 1.13 p.m. Gloucester heard by radio that he was returning to London.

From two chits later found in the wreckage, it appears that at this point the pilot asked the navigator to work out the expected time of arrival at London and at Paris. With this information before him, he decided at 1.30—so the log-book showed—to make for the nearer airport. He changed course once again.

Queueing In The Sky

The weather was very bad when JX arrived over Paris and twelve aircraft were already "queued up" waiting to land. Paris advised JX to land at Cormeilles, not far to the west.

Cormeilles, however, was engaged with another plane, also short of fuel, and did not reply to JX's signals for fourteen minutes. When they did reply, the pilot was already on the way to Manston in Kent.

At the coast he decided to take the shortest cross-Channel route, and at 3.52 fog-bound Lympne heard that JX had only twenty-five minutes of fuel remaining. At six minutes past four, a little over six hours after leaving London, this flight which had been dogged by misfortune and misjudgment all over Europe ended in a dull thud as JX struck a Kent hillside. There were still five gallons of petrol in the tanks.

In such a case the investigators finally find themselves discarding their bits of wreckage and struggling, from remembered scraps of conversation, from abrupt entries in logs, from exchanges between air and ground—prosaicness suddenly giving way to tension—to reconstruct the pilot's state of mind, to see as he saw and feel as he felt in those critical minutes. To aid them, automatic speech-recording equipment is being installed in control rooms of British airports.

Prevention Is The Aim

But the Accidents Investigation Branch—responsible direct to the Minister of Civil Aviation—does not confine itself to being wise after the event. It is out not only to find out what went wrong, but to make sure it does not go wrong again. To that end the chief inspector is in constant touch with the Directorate of Air Safety, with the airlines' own accident departments—which report their "incidents" as well as accidents—and with the Air Registration Board, which licenses planes and engineers and lays down maintenance routines.

And after many inquiries the chief inspector makes his report. Follow-up action by the Ministry may involve anything from a major change in design to one of those details which are small in themselves but which collectively add up to safety in the air.

After the York bringing Harold Wilson back from Moscow ran off the runway at Heathrow and ended up wedged across a river, a new regulation for the inspection of brake cables was introduced. After the collision in the air over Northolt the rule that 500 feet should separate planes "stacked" over airports waiting to land was changed to 1,000 feet.

Brought into being by the first World War, the Accidents Investigation Branch used the second one really to get on top of the fire bogey. Steel (instead of aluminium), engine bulkheads, new methods of locking union nuts, warning lamps in cockpits and new fire drill for pilots reduced fires in the air; automatically discharging extinguishers cut them down in crashes.

Though the accidents men cannot create an infallible human being, they can at least make sure that error is as difficult as possible.

When one new type of aircraft was introduced, the accidents men found themselves continually being called to crashes brought about by pilots retracting undercarriages instead of flaps. Puzzling—until it was noticed that the two control levers were exactly the same size, mounted side by side and moving in the same direction. That was changed—and the accidents stopped.

Every new aircraft passes through a period when the "bugs" are being got out of it—even that old reliable, the Dakota, acquired 500 safety improvements in its thirteen years. And it is here that the discoveries of the accidents sleuths probing among their wreckage often help forward the progress of aeronautical science.

If a plane is suspected of structural defects, probably the wreckage will be taken down to the branch's "graveyard" in a hangar at Black Bushe in Surrey. Often only by patiently building up the wrecked structure again can it be discovered where the primary fracture occurred. After that the defect may be traced right back to the original batch of metal in the steel works.

No Trace Was Found

Without wreckage the crash detective is almost as frustrated as the murder squad without a body. In the summer of 1947 a B.S.A.A. Lancastrian disappeared over the El Cristo Pass in the Andes. Planes of the Chilean and Argentinian air forces and local flying clubs undertook an intensive search.

But no trace was ever found. The only clues the investigator had to work with were the weather reports and a thrice-repeated final radio message which no one ever understood . . . STENDEC.

On the last day of January last year news reached the office in Woburn Place which caused Major John Stocks, principal inspector of accidents, to leave for Santa Maria in the Azores immediately. The British South American Airways' *Star Tiger* had vanished over the Sargasso Sea with nothing but a last routine message sent out 340 miles from Bermuda. A Lancastrian flying one hour ahead of her on the same route had an uneventful crossing.

The most searching investigation was undertaken. Every hypothesis, likely or unlikely, was minutely examined, from air disturbances to the pilot having fallen asleep. But, in the words of the Report, "none of the possibilities ever reached the level of probability. . . . No more baffling problem has ever been presented for investigation."

A year, less a fortnight, later the mystery was deepened when another B.S.A.A. Tudor, the *Star Ariel*, flying at 18,000 feet as the *Star Tiger* had been flying at 2,000, disappeared in the same region.

This time a special committee was set up under Lord Brabazon, veteran holder of the first British flying licence. The committee split itself into six sub-committees to probe the various hazards, calling on the best brains in aviation, from the Ministries, from the manufacturers, from the airlines.

Effects Of Lightning

Slowly, week by week, the patient men of the Accidents Branch are piling up the evidence that may one day unravel such riddles of the air. In their office "morgue" in Woburn Place I saw a wing tip pitted by lightning. It had come from a Viking, had just been sent in by British European Airways for information. Lightning—in its various forms—is one of the subjects on which research is now proceeding.

Accident investigators' work can be grisly, but they can also find satisfaction in the knowledge that in all probability they prevent more accidents than they diagnose. That is why today, anxious to show that air travel has nothing to hide, the Minister of Civil Aviation has ruled that full publicity shall be given to their reports on all significant accidents and, for the most important, a full-dress court of inquiry will be held.

Already, per thousand miles travelled, airliners are a good deal safer than private motor cars or taxis. But there's still a long way to go yet, and the men from Woburn Place won't be happy till going by air is as safe as going by train.

JOHN BULL June 11 1949

HOW TO BEAT YOUR SUMMER ENEMIES

by HARVEY GRAHAM, M.D.

Persistent midges and mosquitoes; aggressive bees and wasps. . . .Today there are more weapons to your armoury against summer pests than the ineffective brush-off

THERE ARE 20,000 separate species of insects in Britain. Any one species may be numbered in thousands of millions. So the chances of being bitten just as badly this summer as last summer are quite good.

Midges and mosquitoes are familiar enough and so are bees and wasps. Harvesters and horseflies are country-dwellers with an active dislike for town-bred holidaymakers. There are many other biting insects but these are the big six among summer plagues.

Insect-bites are distributed unequally. One friend of mine seems to attract biting insects of every shape and size. Mosquitoes are particularly fond of him.

I was with him once when he was bitten on the arm by a mosquito. Two hours later there was a circular raised patch on the arm. It was dusky-red and painful. Late that night his whole arm was swollen, his hand quite useless, and he had a high temperature.

Many people react nearly as violently to bites and stings—bee stings have proved fatal, though rarely. These hypersensitive unfortunates contrast with many more people who never seem to be bitten or stung by anything.

Exactly what the difference is between the two very different groups is not known. It may be some special quality of the skin which either attracts or repels biting insects.

Most people, however, belong to a middle group. They suffer minor discomforts from the summer plagues but are rarely made even mildly ill. However, taking simple precautions is well worth while. And today there are available better and more effective anti-insect creams than existed a few years ago.

Went Midge-hunting

By far and away the most effective new substance for repelling biting insects is DMP. In this country its first major trial was in preventing midge-bites.

Scotland has more than its fair quota of midges. There were so many of them attacking both natives and tourists that the Secretary of State for Scotland asked his Scientific Advisory Committee to look into the problem.

A small working party went midge-hunting and soon found fifteen different species of *Culicoides*—midges. One of the commonest varieties, *C. impunctatus*, was responsible for ninety per cent of bites.

In some areas agricultural work was suffering seriously. The *C. impunctatus* variety was attacking farmers and their families in forces corresponding to 150 midges per person per hour.

This particular midge breeds in damp soil and it is the dominant species in all the notoriously midge-infested beauty spots—lochs, lakes, waterfalls.

Biting midges appear early in June, really get to work about the middle of the month, and do a lot to discourage tourists all through July and August. Midges can bite at any time of the day or night, but they are most troublesome in the early morning and after sunset, especially when it is warm and there is no wind.

Hard On The Skin

Pungent-smelling oil of citronella, eucalyptus, or oil of cajuput have all been used to ward off midges and other biting insects. They worked well enough but had two major disadvantages. With a lot of people they had a burning effect on the skin which was almost worse than the midge-bites. And on any skin on a hot day they volatilized and disappeared in about fifteen minutes.

The problem then was to find some substance which midges would hate, which would not harm the skin, and which would remain effective for more than fifteen minutes.

DMP was the answer. This synthetic chemical — dimethylphthalate — had proved itself against the mosquitoes which threatened to halt our Burma campaign. It had also been successfully used in the Middle East to repel the tiny biting sandflies which carry sandfly fever.

All over Scotland in the summer of 1945, when the Army spared a few gallons from its precious stocks of this new chemical, midges were baffled. Elderly professors who were in on the tests would stand blandly at ease in a swarm of midges while their unprotected companions raced for cover.

After a great deal of trial and error DMP creams were prepared which made oil of citronella look very old fashioned. These creams do not "burn" the skin, and they remain effective for some three to five hours, which will cover the peak times for midge assaults in the morning or evening. But there are three points to watch.

Half a dozen good firms are now manufacturing creams which contain forty per cent by volume of DMP and stay effective. Less than forty per cent is not really effective and the same applies to DMP in a badly made cream which does not hold together and allows the chemical to separate from the waxy or oily base of the cream. So buy a "forty per cent" cream which will keep well.

Secondly—keep the cream out of your eyes. On skin it causes a slight tingling. Rubbed into the eyes it will hurt. The same applies in a less degree to the lips.

Thirdly—keep it away from nylons. The phthalates, of which DMP is one, will dissolve a whole series of substances such as cellulose, nylon, polyvinyl chloride and other plastics. It has no effect on silk, wool or cotton. But nylons, "artificial silk," most kinds of popular feminine underwear, spectacle frames, fountain pens, and the like are all vulnerable and it will do them no good.

Good DMP cream or lotion will give complete protection against mosquitoes and many other biting insects. It is nearly as effective against the harvest mites—"harvesters"—which make life miserable for some country folk in the late summer. But its protection against "harvesters" is not quite 100 per cent, as it is against midges or mosquitoes.

Brute of a bite! It could have been avoided by using a good repellent

Legs, Neck, Hands

The same applies to horseflies or clegs, which can be man-eaters and breed in wet meadows, muddy farm lanes or boggy waste ground. There are three British kinds of horseflies and their mode of attack varies. *Tebanus*, with clear wings, goes for the legs. *Crysops*, with dark patches on its wings, favours the back of the neck. *Haematopola*, which is finely mottled, prefers hands and wrists.

Bites from horseflies take a long time to heal, but all three varieties dislike DMP, though the more persistent ones may not be completely discouraged by it. Dog fleas, cat fleas, and ordinary human fleas are also repelled by it.

A peaceful bee will stay away from anyone whose hands have been treated with it. But an enraged bee — and bees do become enraged—will sting through the cream as painfully as ever.

The first thing to do by way of treatment is to remove the bee sting. Eyebrow tweezers are ideal. Bee venom is acid, so any alkaline application proves soothing. That is why the old-fashioned blue bag or washing blue works quite well. Wasp stings are alkaline, so a weak acid is soothing, and vinegar is one easily available weak acid.

Bees and wasps belong to the order *Hymenoptera*, distinguished for their venomous stings and bites. Most of the biting summer pests belong to the order *Diptera*. It begins with flies, gnats and mosquitoes, and goes on to include black flies, sand flies, horse flies, clegs, louse flies, house flies and forest flies. Any cooling solution containing alkalis or a little menthol or phenol may help to stop the smarting from *Diptera* bites.

For landgirls, foresters, agricultural workers, and others who have to toil in midge-infested areas, the right answer is a wide-mesh veil impregnated with DMP. These are worn over the head and will not obscure vision or impede work.

One other antipest preparation that is worth buying is DDT. This is the best thing yet for destroying house flies, which really are more dangerous than mosquitoes in this country. Mosquitoes here do not carry malaria. Flies may carry to your food several kinds of dysentery and other unpleasant diseases.

Together DDT and DMP will do much to keep most of the plagues of summer under control.

JOHN BULL June 11 1949

The author of

Anytus, the accuser of Socrates, laid it as an article of charge and accusation against him he did withdraw young men from due reverence to the laws and customs of their country; and that he did profess a dangerous and pernicious Science.

—"The Advancement of Learning."

Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see;
And yet salt water blinds them not so much
But they can see a sort of traitors here.
Nay, If I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest;
For I have given here my soul's consent.

—"King Richard II."

ABOUT AN INCH and a half in the middle of the glass tube was now bright orange in the blowpipe flame. Arthur blew gently into the end of the tube and a perfectly symmetrical bulb expanded. It looked easy and inevitable.

Arthur had been blowing glass in the Haughton Laboratory for forty-five years. It was his favourite little joke when demonstrating to students. "Professor Sewell and me came to the Haughton about the same time, him as an undergraduate and me as a lab. boy. Professor Sewell went on and studied physiology and zoology and biochemistry and I went on and studied glass. We both learnt a lot since then, gentlemen."

Arthur was always rather short with Professor Sewell. In private, he thought him a great man.

Pearce came in, carrying a broom, and said, "That monkey's took my cap." Arthur cut off the air so that the blowpipe flame became long and yellow and smoky. He flicked his dark glasses up on his forehead and slowly twirled his bulb in the cooler flame. "Well, don't let him eat it," he said, without looking up. "He's on a diet."

"Took it clean off as I was sweeping," said Pearce indignantly.

Arthur carefully put down his bulb, sighed, and slid off his stool. He said, "I don't see what you want to wear a cap for in here. Afraid you'll catch cold?"

They went into the long, rather narrow animal room. There was only one big cage. The rest of the place was occupied by hutches containing rabbits, rats and guinea pigs. Arthur went up to the big cage and said, "What you doing with that? Give it back."

The young chimpanzee was sitting at the back of the cage holding the cap in its hand and biting tentatively at its peak. It looked up for a moment and then turned its back, hunched its shoulders and clutched the cap to its chest. Pearce said, "Took it clean off my head. Reached out, see, Arthur."

Arthur said, "I'd better get Miss Byrne to him."

Lucy Byrne was a dark girl of about twenty-five who looked as though she hadn't slept for a week. She went up to the cage. The chimpanzee turned its head and then, closing its eyes firmly, huddled over the cap again. Lucy said, "All right. It's bribery, but. . . ." She put her hand in the pocket of her white overall, produced half a biscuit and clicked her tongue. He ambled eagerly over to the bars and put out a hand.

"What a pleasant change for you to have a hand to hold," Ivor said in an odd, brittle voice. He waited. Lucy knew better than to look up

"Small Back Room" writes a brilliant new novel

A SORT OF TRAITORS

by NIGEL BALCHIN

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

Is the scientist a law unto himself, or should he put his conscience into the keeping of the state? Must a woman place duty to a helpless victim of war before fulfilment? Here is the first instalment of a gripping serial by a master of dramatic tension

Lucy said, "Oh, no. Fair do's. Give Pearce his cap first."

The chimpanzee looked at the cap and then dropped it disinterestedly on the floor of the cage near the bars. Pearce made a quick grab and seized it. Lucy handed over the biscuit. She said, "He hasn't hurt it, has he? He never does hurt things."

MARRIOTT looked up as Lucy came back and said, "Get it?" Lucy said, "Oh, yes. I think he was glad to get rid of it. He always has a conscience when he steals things."

Marriott said, "As chimpanzees go, that one is a white elephant. What's the point of keeping him if he's too valuable to use? This is a lab., not a zoo."

"The silly part is keeping him in a cage and having old Pearce free." She climbed on to her stool. "We'd got to eighty-nine."

Marriott bent over the Petrie dishes.

"Ninety," he said. "Slight growth. Ninety-one, slight growth. Ninety-two, slight growth. Ninety-three, slight . . . no, half a mo'." He studied it for a few moments. "Ninety-three," he said carefully, "slight growth."

Lucy gave a deep sigh. "I wish you wouldn't do that," she said. "It's so disappointing."

Marriott said, "Ninety-four, slight growth. What's disappointing?"

"When you hesitate like that. It makes me think something exciting's coming like 'no growth' or 'strong growth.'"

"Ninety-five, slight growth. Ninety-six, slight growth. Ninety-seven, slight growth. The trouble with you is that you've got a craving for excitement. Ninety-eight, slight growth. Anything for a change, that's your motto. You had a 'no growth' only two days ago. You want to live in a whirl. Ninety-nine, slight growth. One hundred, slight growth."

He straightened up. "And that's the end of batch two."

Lucy said, "How many batches today?"

"Five."

"Just be time to get them through and wash up and go?"

"That's about the size of it."

Marriott took his glasses off and looked at her thoughtfully. Without his glasses he suddenly became surprisingly handsome in a fair, pale, transparent-skinned way. He said, "Do you think it's quicker like that than when we both examine and both write?"

"I don't know," said Lucy vaguely. "The snag is that if we both examine we may use different standards," he said.

Lucy said, "When I say I don't know I really mean I don't care."

Marriott put his glasses on again and said, "Like that, is it?"

"Yes. Just like that." She went and looked out of the window with her back to him. She had a habit of crossing her arms and pulling her shoulders forward as if she were cold. "How many does Prof. want done altogether?"

"Twenty thousand, he said."

"Why twenty thousand? He'll get all it can possibly tell him out of five."

"Twenty thousand sounds a nice lot. He'd probably like to do a million. If there's nothing showing at five thousand we might see if he'll chuck it. But you can bet something'll turn up in the last couple of hundred and——"

"Call it twenty thousand then. We can do about two thousand a month. Reckon a couple of lots going wrong. It makes just about a year."

"That's right."

Lucy said, "There's a tree out there just beginning to bud. It'll put out leaves, and then it'll be spring, and then the leaves will get dusty and it'll be summer, and then they'll fall and it will be autumn, and then it will stay bare and it'll be winter. And then it will begin to bud again, and about then, if we're lucky, we shall finish this."

"It's only once a week and it's got to be done, hasn't it?"

"Has it?"

"Look," said Marriott gently, "you don't want me to do one of Prof.'s lectures on validity, do you?"

"I do not," said Lucy rather huskily, still looking out of the window. "In fact, at the moment I don't want any part of Prof. at all."

Lucy turned away from the window and began gathering up the Petrie dishes in silence. Marriott sat watching her, making no move to help. After a while he took off his glasses, swallowed, and said, "What you want is more—more fun in your spare time."

She turned and looked at him in silence for a moment. He smiled uncertainly, but she did not smile back.

"What sort of fun?" she said. "Having my hand held in the back seats at the pictures?"

Marriott flushed. "Well, why not?" he said. "What's wrong with having your hand held?"

"I didn't say there was anything wrong with it."

Dr. Shole came in as they finished collecting the Petrie dishes and said, "How's it going?"

Marriott said, "Just the same. All slight growths, except about one in every batch. It's a damned slow business."

Shole picked up one of the Petrie dishes and looked at it. He said, "I don't like this 'slight growth' and 'strong growth' business. It doesn't really mean anything. I wish we could *measure* something."

He peered closely at the dish with his small, deep-set brown eyes. The gelatine in it showed three small, round, pink patches.

Shole said, "You see, I'm not sure that you're justified in calling that *slight* growth. I mean—there's quite an area of it. Would you still call it 'slight' if there were only one patch?"

"Yes."

Shole said, "I think I'd better have a word with Prof. about it. There ought to be some way of getting it more accurate than that."

Marriott said, "That's how we agreed to do it."

"Oh, sure. It's not your fault. It's mine. But I'd like to get Prof.'s reaction."

He took a couple of the dishes and went out.

Lucy said, "You know what'll happen now?"

Marriott said, "Yes. Prof.'ll scrap the whole thing and begin again. He always begins again if there's the slightest excuse for it. How many have we done?"

"About four thousand."

Lucy picked up a Petrie dish, poised it, and dropped it carefully on the concrete floor. Surprisingly, it only broke in half.

Marriott said, "Here, steady, Lucy."

She said, "It was only one. I'm entitled to one."

Marriott said, "You're very jumpy, aren't you? I think you need some leave."

"Leave?" said Lucy. "Nonsense. When am I being taken to the pictures?"

Marriott blushed.

"Anywhen you like," he said. "Sooner the better."

PROFESSOR SEWELL was in an offhand mood. Sometimes he would stride in, looking like a venerable film star, flashing his brilliant boyish smile at everybody, patting Lucy, prodding Shole in the ribs, throwing out suggestions at a rate of one a minute and good ones at about two an hour. On these occasions one had no doubt that he had slid down the banisters on the way to an enormous breakfast. Today he came in, nodded curtly to Marriott, didn't look at Lucy, picked up a dish, looked at it for a moment and then said sulkily, "Well?"

Shole planted himself squarely on his short legs. "At present," he said, "we're only dividing them into three categories—strong growth, slight growth, and no growth."

"Well, what do you want me to do about it?"

"The question is," said Shole gently, "whether we can't get some positive measurement."

Sewell sighed. Snatching up a piece of paper, he drew a rough circle. "Look," he said, "this is a Petrie dish. Instead of prodding about all over the gelatine, put your bugs in the middle. If it takes, it'll spread out in a circle. Get a bit of glass with concentric circles. Call the smallest slight growth, the next medium growth, the next strong growth or whatever. All you've got to do is pop it over each dish and read off."

Shole said, "That's an idea."

Marriott said, "I'm not sure the growth will be regular enough. And of course. . . ."

"Of course what?"

". . . it'd mean scrapping all we've done because they won't be comparable."

Sewell said, "Well, if they're no good, you've got to scrap them anyhow."

Lucy said bravely:

"I'm not sure they are no good. We've spent two months on them and there isn't a sign of anything significant coming out of it."

Sewell looked at her with interest. "Two months?" he said. "Only two months to learn not to start too soon? It's cheap."

He turned to Shole. "You'd better scrap this lot and start again, hadn't you?"

Shole nodded silently. Sewell was looking at Lucy now. She had turned away and was fiddling with the lid of a Petrie dish. Sewell walked round and stood in front of her. The sulky expression had gone and his eyes were twinkling.

"Don't want to start again?" he said softly.

"It's not that," she said, not looking up. "It's just that——"

Sewell took her by the arm and turned her round towards the door. "Go home," he said, giving her a gentle slap behind. "Go home and come back when you don't feel like murder."

"I don't *want* to go home, Professor Sewell," she said quietly. "I only want to—to get on with whatever we're going to do."

SEWELL sat down in his chair and lit his pipe. His hands were very beautiful and they moved with a sort of self-conscious grace. Everything he did—even the little things—could have been photographed and it would have come out perfectly posed.

Sometimes he was a big, handsome, silver-haired old man with the fires still burning brightly; sometimes, nowadays, he looked haggard and ashy and cold. But he never looked unintentional. He was in a better temper now. He had made a suggestion. He had followed one of his principles — that time wasn't important and that accuracy was. He had touched an attractive woman. Mr. Can't had disappeared and Mr. Can had arrived.

Sewell ran his hand over the beautifully kept silver hair.

"How much good is that girl?" he asked Shole.

Shole said, "Lucy? Oh, she's all right. Good kid."

"Not very impressive over that. She didn't give a damn whether what they

were doing was any good or not. All she wanted was not to start again."

Shole said, "Well, it is a dull job."

"About ninety-nine per cent of lab. work is—if you don't relate it to what you're trying to do."

Shole said quietly, "I think she has rather a tough private life."

"Women always have," said Sewell. The idea pleased him. He went and stood by the window, looking at Shole with his brilliant, wide-eyed, youthful grin. "Women are always either in love or not in love. In either case it makes a complicated private life and interferes with their work. She's not in love with young Marriott, is she?"

"I shouldn't think so."

Sewell said, "And this feeling about time. Men haven't got it. But women are all clock-watchers. Only about thirty years, you see, to have their babies in. And anything which isn't to do with having babies is a waste of time. That's why they're no good to science."

Shole said, "I don't know. They have a certain sort of patience."

"Nonsense," said Sewell. "They're quite good at routine jobs where they don't have to think and can dream about their precious private life. Apart from that the only reasons for using them are that they've got small hands and they're cheap. They've no *real* patience at all. And no principles."

Shole waited a moment and then said, "Have you got through my revise of the paper?"

Sewell nodded.

"What d'you think of it?"

"It frightens me."

"Why?"

"Because I can't see anything wrong with it. And if there isn't anything wrong with it, then it opens up such tremendous possibilities. . . ."

"All of them rather a long way ahead."

"I dare say, but. . . ."

Sewell drew himself up to his full height. "In 1925," he said, in a formal, lecturer's voice, "I conceived certain ideas about the relationship between bacterial infectivity and virulence. Judd and then Parsons and then Rocker worked on the job for—let's see—ten years, at the end of which everything I had thought had proved to be wrong. Then Jackie and you and I dreamed up the idea of working backwards from the super-virulents. By the way, can you remember exactly how we got on to that?"

Shole shook his head. "I've an idea it all started from something you said to Jackie, but I don't remember what it was."

"Nor do I. Anyhow, Jackie went on. And then the war came, and Jackie died. And then in 'forty-four you got the first immunization stuff through. And now, unless I'm blind or mad or something, we're on the right track." He shook his head. "It doesn't seem like twenty-four years."

Shole said, "You think we should publish now?"

Sewell hesitated. "I'd like to think it over a bit more." He broke off. "My only regret is that Jackie isn't alive."

"I don't quite get you," said Shole patiently. "You *do* intend to publish now?"

"I hate publishing things," said Sewell simply. "Once one publishes. . . . Oh, you know how I feel."

"I do, indeed," said Shole with mild bitterness.

"I've been criticized and criticized for hanging on to things too long. But it's better to do that than to speak before you're sure." He ran his hand over his hair. "You think we ought to publish now?"

"Yes," said Shole briefly.

"You're probably right. Of course, I can see that it's important to you. You'll walk into the Royal Society on it."

"I wasn't thinking so much of that," said Shole, unoffended. "But what this job wants now is a mass of field work all over the world. The war gave us a lot of stuff we shouldn't have got otherwise. But there's still a hell of a lot of work to do before anybody prevents an epidemic in China or Chile by using our stuff."

"Yes." Sewell suddenly smiled his most juvenile smile. "One gets old and over-cautious, you know, Freddy."

"I suggest," said Shole, as he left, "that we should spend another week working over that paper again and that then, unless we find some definite reason against it, we should publish."

Arthur came in and said, "Mrs. Peach outside to see you."

Sewell said, "Mab? What in the name of God does *she* want? Bring her in, Arthur."

Mab was about as like her father as a woman of thirty-five can be to a man of sixty-odd. She, too, was big and handsome and grey-eyed and quick-moving. She said, "Hallo, Lucas," with a bright but slightly wary smile, and he said, "Why, hallo, Mab," with exactly the same intonation, the same smile and the same wariness. Mab thrust a small box into his hands and said, "Many happy returns, darling."

Sewell looked at the parcel. "What is this?"

"Pipe."

Sewell said, "What a lovely pipe. Just what I wanted," and put it down unopened on the bench.

"Rather caddish not to open it, Lucas."

"My dear," said Sewell, "I can open it, gloat over it, or even smoke it when you're gone. While you're here, I prefer to look at you." He chuckled. "It's really quite absurd that we don't see more of each other. How's your husband?"

"Ralph? Oh, he's very well."

"I didn't know he was ever very well. Last time I saw him he was suffering from nervous bellyaches."

"He still does. It's worry. Hadn't you better come and dine?"

Sewell said, "Are you going to stay married to him indefinitely?"

"Why not?"

"It just seems an odd thing to do. For you."

Mab said, "You're a bad old man, Lucas, in some ways. A mischievous old man."

"My dear Mab," said Sewell, "I don't care a damn what you do as long as you're happy." He looked at her steadily with his fine grey eyes. She looked back for a moment in silence and then turned her head away with a slight frown and said, "Cut it out, Lucas."

"Cut what out, my dear?"

"Worrying about my happiness. We both know whose happiness you worry about."

He said, "Have you seen your mother lately?"

Mab flicked the ash off her cigarette and looked at it thoughtfully. "Saw her about a month ago."

"How was she?"

"Exactly as usual."

"Happy?"

"I tell you—she was exactly as usual. She's got a new psychiatrist who's a genius. You know, she's rather pathetic about you," said Mab reflectively. "Much less bitter than she used to be. I can remember when you were just Satan and that was the end of it. But she seems to have got past that. Nowadays she's often quite funny about it. And rather touchingly humble in a way. When she tells me stories about you, you're always 'The Genius' and she's 'The Duffer.' 'Of course, dear, the Duffer didn't realize that that was important, but when the Genius came home there was a holy row.' It's half satire, of course. But the other half isn't."

"Ought I to go and see her?"

Mab looked at his earnest face with mild dislike. "Not if you're going to look like that," she said. "Why should you, anyhow? You don't want anything from her."

"With all humbleness," said Sewell sarcastically, "I was wondering if she wanted anything from me."

Mab crushed out her cigarette. "Of course she does, but it's nothing you'd be likely to give her. Or anybody else." After a moment she said quickly, "Why did you ever get married, Lucas?"

Sewell said, "Why does anybody ever get married? There's no case for it."

"And to Mummy, of all people, who's so soft that she's practically liquid?" She shook her head. "I've never quite forgiven you that. If you'd chosen somebody who could fight back it would have been different. But Mummy was too easy. And you must have known it. You shouldn't have married Mummy or had children when you were already married to something else and had children by it every year."

She leant forward. "You see, Lucas, if you'd just been a proper scientist and worn thick spectacles and forgotten to put on your trousers and been a dim, gallant, unambitious failure, obviously with no thought for anything but your work, nobody would have minded. Mummy would have loved it, for one. But you look like you look, and you go around being very personal and emotional and deliberately attractive and altogether human, and people believe there's something there for them. And when they find you haven't got it in the shop—or at least not for them—they're hurt and disappointed. You're not selfish. You're just completely irresponsible over your dealings with people."

Sewell said slowly, "I think most of that is true. But there's a reason for it. Nobody's got more than a certain amount of sincerity or scruple, and so on. And I've always needed all mine on the job. I stayed married for fifteen years and then when I found it was interfering with my work I stopped, because I happen to think that my work's more important than your mother or you. Or me." He looked at her with a slight frown. "I *think* that's true, Mab," he said. "I *think* I've thought of it as being more important than me."

There was a moment's silence.

"I should like to know whether that's your impression," he said rather formally. "It's rather important."

"Darling, how should I know?"

"Of course you don't know," said Sewell angrily. "You don't know anything. But you're prepared to talk fast enough about the other side of it. All I'm asking is whether you've ever known me cheat on my job? Or let it down? Or put myself or any other bloody thing in front of it?"

With a slight effort, he smiled.

Mab was relieved. She said, "I'm sorry, darling, but you mustn't do that stuff on me. It spoils the game. How's work?"

Sewell squinted at his pipe. "As the result of a life of mischievous selfishness," he said, "I am shortly going to publish something that should eventually save about half a million lives a year." He looked up and grinned the juvenile grin. "Always supposing it doesn't turn out to be nonsense next time I look at it."

* * *

Marriott said, "What *is* the point of messing about here if you feel rotten? I can do it perfectly well."

Lucy shut the door of the sterilizer and said, "Stop being nice about it. I'm just in a thoroughly bitchy mood and the nicer everybody is to me the bitchier I shall be."

"I don't like you to look like that," said Marriott simply.

She turned and looked at him. Normally if she did that he flushed, but this time he just gazed back steadily and calmly with a slight frown.

Lucy smiled. "All right. Then I'll stop."

"Good. And have a drink after, eh?"

She hesitated.

"Might do, if we get away early. Mustn't be long, though."

Shole came in and said, "Look, folks, I'm sorry about that stuff with the Prof., but I think it's the right thing. How do you feel about it?"

"Furious," said Lucy brightly. "But, so what?"

"His glass gadget won't work," said Marriott. "But we might think of something better."

Shole said, "I've just been talking to him and I think he's going to publish the paper."

They both stopped short. Marriott said, "He *is*?"

"Yes. Unless he gets cold feet again."

"When?"

"As soon as he's looked it over again."

There was a moment's silence. "I thought you'd like to know," said Shole rather awkwardly, and went out.

Marriott took off his glasses. "When that paper is published," he said casually, "I shall kiss you. As a celebration."

"By the time Prof. gets around to publishing we shall both be too old for that sort of thing," said Lucy without turning.

Marriott's face was bright pink. "I have long thought," he said even more casually, "that it would be nice to kiss you, but somehow I never have. Now I shall."

Lucy scraped some gelatine out of a Petrie dish.

"Sex in the laboratory went out with H. G. Wells," she said.

"It didn't," said Marriott, "it certainly didn't. You ought to have been in Poyning's lab. It was a hotbed. An absolute hotbed."

"I know. You've told me before."

It was muggily warm in the downstairs bar and there was a vacant table in the corner. The place smelt of pine disinfectant.

Lucy said, "Can I have lemon squash? I mustn't be long and I can't drink beer quickly."

Marriott said, "You can't come out to have a drink and then drink lemon squash. It's unco-operative." He went away to the bar and came back with a pint tankard of beer and a gin and lime. He put the drinks down on the table and said, "Lend me threepence."

Lucy opened her handbag, rooted among the mass of coppers and produced a two-shilling piece. She said, "I haven't got threepence. You'll have to have this."

"All right," he said with relief. "Remind me about it tomorrow." He went back to the bar.

Lucy glanced at her watch. It was just six o'clock. A quarter of an hour would do it, and that would only mean getting home at a quarter to seven instead of at half past six.

Marriott came back.

"Cheers," she said, raising her glass.

"Cheers."

He drank some beer and saw that Lucy was looking across the room and smiling to herself. He suddenly realized that at any moment she would say she must go, and he hadn't got anywhere.

"You know, what you said today about sex in the laboratory being out of date is bunkum. You speak, if I may

"See anything funny?" Shole asked. Sewell held the guinea-pig at a distance. "Looks all right to me," he said

say so, from the depths of your virgin experience."

"Probably," said Lucy.

"Practically all physicists have satyriasis or nymphomania and chemists are absolutely goat-like."

"That's because they're not dealing with the facts of life. It'd be different if they spent half their time in our animal room."

Lucy finished her drink and said, "I must go."

"No," said Marriott quickly. "You needn't be back till quarter to seven and it'll only take you twenty minutes."

"Half an hour."

"Nonsense. Besides—I want to know when we're going to the pictures."

Lucy said, "Oh—sometime." She turned and smiled at him. He felt the dark eyes searching his face and his hand went instinctively to his glasses. He took them off and blinked sharply to re-focus. He said, "I've always wondered what you do with yourself in the evenings. I suspect you of a double life."

Lucy said rather bitterly: "No, barely a single one, I assure you." She was still looking closely at his face, as though not realizing that she was doing so. He found it embarrassing and looked away.

"Well," he said with dignity, "I don't want to be—to be importunate. But unless you have more interesting fish to fry I wish you *would* come some time." He leaned towards her and said with mock solemnity, "Miss Byrne—is there Another?"

"Of course there is," said Lucy. "Up to a point, anyhow."

"Oh," said Marriott, slightly disconcerted. "What point?"

"It's all rather complicated. "I'll tell you about it sometime. Anyhow, it takes up a lot of time and energy."

"Is it also the reason why you often look half dead?" said Marriott.

"Maybe," said Lucy indifferently. "Anyhow, I must go."

She got up. "Don't you come. You haven't finished your drink."

"Doesn't matter. I don't want it. What I really like is two-thirds of a pint of beer. I wish they'd sell two-thirds of a pint."

He followed her up the stairs. She was wearing a check-patterned tweed skirt and he was acutely and miserably conscious of the movement of the pattern as they climbed. When they reached the street Lucy said, "I want a Number 11 bus and I want it quickly." She shivered and hunched her shoulders forward. "It's damned cold."

Marriott swallowed and said, "Let me get this straight. The existence of Another doesn't wash out our going to the pictures?"

"I don't see why it should," she said slowly. "If we can ever fit it in. It's very nice of you to ask me." She turned and smiled. "And thank you very much for the drink. You were quite right. It was a good thing."

As the bus drew away he saw her lurching forward towards the front of it and a vacant strap. There were no empty seats. He waved and she waved back. Marriott reflected that it was lucky that Lucy hadn't had threepence, otherwise he wouldn't have had a bean. There was a perfectly good ten-shilling note in his digs, and he considered going home to get it. But that had to last the next day and he would have to repay Lucy's two shillings. It looked as though he would have to have supper for a bob.

* * *

It was only five to seven after all when she let herself into the house and climbed up to the third floor. Ivor was sitting in his chair with the reading table across him. He greeted her with a bright smile and said, "Hallo, darling," in an almost caressing voice that made her heart sink. She went across and kissed him and said, "Hallo. I'm late. Sorry."

As she kissed his forehead she realized that it was damp, and that told her all she wanted to know. But there was nothing to do but wait for it.

She took the handkerchief out of his pocket and wiped his forehead. She said, "Comb?"

"If you please," said Ivor very politely.

As she combed back the rather long, black, smooth hair she glanced down at Trevelyan's *Social History* which lay open before him. "How are you getting on with that?"

Ivor said, "These two pages are admirable. But it would be nice to go on to another soon. I've been reading these for about an hour now."

She saw it coming but there was nothing to be done about it. She said, "But you can turn over, Ivor."

He smiled at her brightly and said, "No. I'm afraid I've lost both my arms. The left one is gone as you see, and if you look closely you will see that this one on the right is artificial."

"But you could turn over all right this morning, darling," said Lucy uselessly. "Have you lost the trick?"

He said, "I expect that's it. I've lost the trick." He glanced at the tin alarm clock. "These people believe in getting their money's worth out of you."

Lucy answered the question without hesitation. "Oh, I wasn't late at the lab. I went and had a drink with Bob Marriott. It was rather nice."

There was a moment's pause. With a movement that involved the whole side of his body, Ivor moved his artificial arm on to his knee. "Good," he said gently. "I wish you'd do that sort of thing more often, darling. It isn't good for you to come straight back after a day's work to this."

Lucy looked at the brilliant blue eyes staring at her out of the sunken face. He smiled at her, showing those lovely, white, even teeth. She took no notice of the smile. "It was a damned selfish thing to do," she said. "But I wanted to do it. You must try not to mind when I do these things." She turned away. "Now the next thing is food. Are you reasonably comfortable if I go and get it?"

"Of course you wanted to do it," said Ivor in a low voice. "And in the name of God, why shouldn't you go and have a drink?"

Lucy said, "Would you like to go on reading or will you have the radio?"

"Don't bother. I'll come and watch you cook. It gives me a chance to talk and I like to talk occasionally."

"All right," she said hopelessly. She moved the table aside and with a quick, practised heave Ivor rose to his feet.

He was only just over six feet, but his thinness and the empty left sleeve made him look fantastically tall. Lucy went into the tiny kitchenette and he came and leant against the doorpost.

Lucy said, "It seems that we can have baked beans or baked beans. Sorry."

"You keep on saying you're sorry," said Ivor. There was only the faintest trace of the Irishman in his voice. "Why should you be sorry? You can't help the country's food supply position." He shook his head. "You take your responsibilities too seriously, darling."

Lucy rooted in a drawer for a tin-opener.

"Do I?" she said. "Let's see, I heat these *before* I open them, don't I?"

Ivor said, "Of course you do. It's like a breath of fresh air when you go and do something just because you want to—like stopping off to have a drink with what's-his-name."

"Bob Marriott," said Lucy. "Man in the lab. Boy in the lab. really. Actual age twenty-four. Mental age about seventeen. But quite nice." She lit the gas. Her hands were shaking. This was always the worst bit, when one knew it was coming but it wouldn't get started. Like wanting to be sick and not being able to.

Ivor said nothing. She turned and he was still standing leaning against the doorpost with that very sweet smile. She smiled back and said desperately, "He suggested that we should go to the pictures and hold hands. That's the sort of person he is."

Ivor laughed and said, "That's the sort of person we all are, darling. I hope you accepted."

Lucy put the saucepan on the gas with the tin in it. "I said I thought that would be very nice."

Ivor was still chuckling. "Of course," he said happily. "And what a pleasant change for you to have a hand to hold." He waited for a moment and then said in an odd, brittle voice, "I said, 'What a pleasant change for you to have a hand to hold.' That was quite a good joke. When I make as good a joke as that you might laugh."

Always, at that stage, there was the wild desire to turn and say, "Ivor—don't do it—it isn't worth it—you'll hurt yourself." But she knew better than that now, and she began to cut slices of bread without even looking at him.

"Because after all," said Ivor rather breathlessly, "a man who's got hands—two real hands—can do a lot of things with them besides hold yours. Even in a comparatively public place like the back of a cinema, for example, he can. . . ." He was breathing very hard now. "And of course you want these things, don't you, darling? It would be, as you say, very nice. Well, why the

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Elementary training for labrador, Jess, at Imber Court. P.C. Shelton runs to catch "bag-snatcher" flurried by barking—and Jess waits for praise

Spare the rod, train the dog

by DENNIS HOLMAN

You can't teach him to add or to play dominoes, but with kindness and understanding he'll learn plenty of useful jobs. Here's how professional trainers get results

IN THE GROUNDS OF Imber Court, the police sports club near the kennels of the Metropolitan Police Dog Training School, Sergeant Boath is putting a class of pupils through a workout.

The dogs are post-graduates. They have done duty, patrolling parks, docks, factories and in police cars, and they are back again at the school for a refresher course before serious work begins in Hyde Park on warm summer nights.

Boath introduces P.C. Shelton and Ben, his labrador; P.C. Taylor and Sam, another labrador; P.C. Roberts and Rajah, a young alsatian: and the dogs march on parade to heel behind their handlers. The workouts begin.

Protects Its Master

Each dog in its turn has to search a field, find a "criminal" up a tree or in a shed and stay barking until the handler comes to escort the "criminal" away. The dog must follow, ready to protect its master should the "criminal" show fight, and guard the "criminal" should he try to get away.

A handbag snatcher is pursued and caught, the handbag retrieved and the snatcher escorted away. Then follows the greatest test of all—the "calling off" in pursuit, just as the dog is about to sink its teeth into the padded sleeve of a running "criminal."

Ben undoubtedly steals the show, and his handler, P.C. Shelton, tells how they operate together in Hyde Park. The greatest night pest in a park is the snatcher, whose victims are young women sitting under the bushes and attending more to whispered words of love than to their handbags. Police dogs have been used against the bag-snatchers, and in the last two years have proved spectacularly successful.

Dog and handler crouch in the dark, or pad around softly, waiting for a cry to break and the sound of footsteps thudding through the grass. "Get him!" the handler tells the dog, and the uneven race is on.

One man Ben caught on a heatwave night had run off with a handbag and an American officer's uniform stacked together in a neat pile. Later they retrieved the American, hiding modestly in the bushes.

Two marines who accosted a woman and ran off with her handbag were exceptionally unfortunate. The act was spotted by no fewer than four handlers, and in a few seconds their dogs converged on the hurrying marines. "I've never seen two men so frightened!" Shelton says.

Ben had to share the credit for that arrest, but it was just Ben and Shelton in a police car when they rushed to Wimbledon Common on a 999 call. A woman was standing near the telephone booth. She reported a case of indecent exposure and pointed, saying: "He ran off in that direction!" Ben was told to seek, and in less than half a minute he was barking behind some bushes. He had found a man in a mackintosh whom the woman identified as the offender.

How does Sergeant Boath train a dog like Ben? "With the three p's—patience, praise and perseverence," he says; there's little more to it than that.

The One Essential

However much individual training methods may differ, all dog trainers agree on one fundamental point—you can't *beat* training into a dog. A dog responds best to affection and praise; the first steps are always the same—to establish a relationship with the dog, to feed it, pet it and live with it, and so gain its confidence and friendship.

"Sit" is the first lesson in obedience. Fold the dog's body into the sitting position and repeat the word again and again until he finds that if he sits when his master says "Sit!" he is doing the right thing. "Lie," "Stand" and "Stay" are taught in the same way. In about two or three weeks he ought to be ready to remain in position with people stepping over him and food tempting him a few yards away.

At this stage a dog is enjoying his education with a gusto he will discard as the training proceeds. The expert dog does his job with an air of boredom and an expression which says: "Why don't you give me something really difficult to do?"

Elementary dog training is demonstrated in a sequence of the film *Obsession*. Three characters are involved in the sequence—Robert Newton, an obsessed doctor; Phil Brown, a potential victim; and Monty, a white poodle. Monty has to pull the plug out of a bath which was part of Newton's murder plan against Brown.

Monty was trained by Trevor Hill, professional film dog trainer. "I had only about three weeks in which to get Monty to pull out bath plugs," he tells. "But do you think I could get him to answer to Phil Brown? Monty wouldn't look at him. Then I discovered why. Phil is an American and he was saying 'Marnty,' which didn't mean a thing

to Monty. So I took the dog home and taught him a new name, 'Marnty.' It worked. When the time came Marnty played his part like a little star."

When a dog can stay, sit, stand and walk to heel—that is, just behind you on the left, sitting at your left heel when you stop and sticking to that position if you are to turn right, left or about—then the dog is officially designated an obedient dog. With this distinction he is then ready to go on with the specialized training for which he is intended.

No Food From Strangers

At Imber Court, if a dog has not so far met his handler, he does so before the training goes any further. The handler is a constable who has applied for and is selected for dog work. He takes over the dog; the animal becomes his. He feeds it and it learns to take food from nobody else. They live, work and play together, and that relationship will only come to an end when either the dog or the handler dies.

It's quite difficult to get a dog to chase a human being seriously and pull him down, but if the human runs with a piece of meat, and the handler and dog go after him with the handler repeating: "Get him! Get him!" the act and the command are soon identified in the dog's mind. If the meat is held up the dog will jump for it, and if the trainer intentionally trips over the dog, praising the dog for tripping him, the dog soon learns.

To teach a dog to grab at a criminal's right hand, Boath starts with a piece of rag, dangling it before the pupil, who goes after it playfully. Then the rag is tied to the trainer's padded sleeve. The dog jumps for it and is rewarded with praise. Eventually the rag is taken off the sleeve because the dog now knows that the job is not the catching of a piece of rag, but the more important business of grabbing a right arm.

Police dogs are not trained to bite, but merely to trip, hold and obstruct. This is found to be amply effective, for the psychological effect of being menaced by a large dog is usually enough to stop any man. Blaze, one of Boath's dogs, cornered three shop breakers in a culde sac. None was bitten, but none dared move.

With a police dog after you, there isn't much chance of escape. The best you can do is to stand perfectly still. Don't try to hit an alsatian—there isn't a trainer who would answer for the consequences. Paratroopers during the war were advised to offer an attacking dog a sleeve, then knife it in the belly with the free hand.

Taught To Ignore Guns

A good dog is trained to ignore gun and stick. Rustler, last year's police dog champion, will go for your right arm as quick as lightning, pull it back and hold on behind you, out of range of the other hand.

Retrieving is an important part of police work. This comes easily to labradors; but ex-game dogs have to be broken of their old habits and taught that their quarry from then on is the human being. Sergeant Boath tells of a game dog that learned quickly. He was breaking it in on Littleworth Common. Returning home, the dog darted into a coppice and started barking. Thinking it had found a rabbit, Boath told the handler to call the dog off. It wouldn't come. So they went to investigate. The dog had found a man—a loss of memory case missing from a local hospital.

The words "police dog" usually evoke a picture of a man-hunt, with bloodhounds baying on the scent of an escaped prisoner. Our police don't use bloodhounds. They may possess the astonishing nostrils that lore and the detective story attach to them, but trainers find them slow, apart from being stick- and gun-shy.

According to Sergeant Boath, there are only about fifty bloodhounds in the country, and these, for the last several generations, have been bred more for show purposes than scent. "Give me an alsatian any day," he says. "He will do anything a bloodhound does, and more besides."

Captain Rymer-Jones agrees. He is responsible for the training of the Metropolitan Police dogs, and remembers alsatians in Palestine tracking down criminals after a sniff of a garment when the scent has been sixteen hours old.

In a football field outside Bradford Charles Fricker demonstrated for me the alsatian's powers of scent. He knotted a blade of grass, holding it in his hand a few minutes for his scent to impregnate it. Then he walked about the field with his famous Simone to heel, and, unknown to her, dropped the grass on the way. "Go seek!" he told her, and off Simone went, her nose to the trail, until she found and retrieved that particular blade of grass.

Found Lost Key

Once, out shopping, his sister-in-law lost her front door key and only discovered the loss when she returned. "Go seek!" she told Major, another alsatian. Major went. In ten minutes he came back with the key.

Police dogs are taught tracking in this country, though the climate and congested aspects of the English scene are supposed to limit the chances of a dog picking up a scent. Ways of teaching them to track vary. Sergeant Boath gives a dog a handkerchief or some object heavily impregnated with the owner's smell, indicates the tracks leading to the owner a few yards away and praises the dog for finding him.

The lessons are repeated with the owner of the object farther and farther away, until he is out of sight and the scent is several hours old.

Scent Is Mystery

What we know about a dog's sense of smell is mostly guesswork. We have observed that damp and dew hold scent for a few hours, that rain washes it away, that the wind can deflect it, that dogs prefer some scents like aniseed, and object to others, like perfume. But we have no conception of how they possibly unscramble one fading thread of scent from a knot of others fresher and more powerful. Says Charles Fricker: "We can only guess at the life a dog leads in its nose, or what sound means to it in its purblindness."

Fricker is a professional trainer who tours the country with a team of alsatians. His dogs don't do tricks, but demonstrate the uses a well-trained dog can be put to. They obey, retrieve, high jump, scramble over ten-foot fences, climb up and down ladders blindfold, and jump through hoops as they would through windows—and through flaming hoops as they would through flaming windows.

This is Fricker's advice on training:

Don't attempt to train a dog before six months—except, of course, to be clean; the best age for learning is between twelve and eighteen months, but you can train successfully up to four years, even six years.

Study the dog's temperament. If a sensitive animal is easily terrified, be gentle and coaxing. It doesn't matter what words you use, but use simple words and stick to them. Since a dog works best for a master he loves, win your dog's affection and keep it.

Don't be harsh. A stern "Bad dog!" is enough punishment, unless he has been wilfully wicked; then he needs a good belting with a rolled-up newspaper. But later you must forgive him and be friends again.

Don't rush training. A little every day will do the trick, whereas too much will spoil the dog; the good trainer knows instinctively when to stop. Always start in quiet spots where you can lavish words of love and praise which embarrass if another human being is listening; but actually you want the dog's complete attention, so make sure first that it has relieved itself and that it is not hungry.

Flaming Hoop Drill

Fricker claims he can teach his dogs any stunt merely by applying these principles and leading up to the stunt in simple stages. To send Pal through a flaming hoop, for instance, he was first taught to jump, then to jump over a bar, then a bar with uprights, after which it became a square, later a hoop, and still later a small hoop. Flames were introduced by similar stages.

But you can't teach a dog to think. No dog can add, subtract or play dominoes of its own accord as some appear to at exhibitions. Fricker says the handler always gives some imperceptible signal.

This opinion is endorsed by Captain Nicholas Liakhoff, chief trainer of the guide dogs for the Blind Association. He says: "I am not sure the word 'intelligence' ought to be applied to animals. 'Intelligence,' in my opinion, is a quality of the human brain only."

Dogs trained by Liakhoff will guide a blind person across streets, up and down steps, round obstacles—even ones like low-hanging branches under which the dog itself could easily pass.

Liakhoff's methods are based on the theory that a dog learns by acquiring a habit. After it is trained to walk in harness with a man holding on behind it, the dog is directed towards an obstacle, say a low-hanging branch. As it makes to go under, it is stopped, led round and praised. The lessons are repeated until it becomes a habit with the dog to go round an obstacle of this nature whenever it is in harness.

Before he accepts a dog for training at the centre at Leamington Spa, Liakhoff "psycho-analyses it," subjecting it to certain tests to note degree of willingness, aggression and suspicion, capacity for concentration and susceptibility to distraction, hearing, nervousness and body sensitivity. After a stiff training course lasting four months the dog is examined. If it does not attain the required standards, Liakhoff rejects it.

Depends On The Handler

A dog is a good machine, but it has its limitations. The impossible is not possible, but often if a dog fails, look for the reason for this in its handler.

Charles Fricker remembers some of the handlers he had to deal with when training dogs for the wartime Ministry of Aircraft Production at Staverton.

One night it was decided to test some of the guard dogs at an aerodrome, and it was Fricker's job as an "enemy" to chalk an X on as many planes as he could before being detected. He was hiding on top of a haystack when one of the dogs scented him and started barking. Its handler pulled it off with: "Come off it before I bash you! There's nothing up there, you stupid b——!"

A dog is happiest when it is obeying a master in the sure knowledge that what it is doing is right. "But for Heaven's sake," says Fricker, "give the dog a dog's chance.

Simone, Charles Fricker's alsatian, leaps through flaming hoops

Claud Morris (right) helps a Cornish grower examine his crop of beans. "Letter-writing won't get you jobs"

What it takes to be a farmer

by CLAUD MORRIS

With a few pounds you can start on an acre or two. But it means worry, hard work, long hours. Above all, it needs good health — and faith

I HAD GOT TO KNOW Bill when he was a pilot instructor at Martlesham Airfield in Suffolk. Then one day I met him in Oxford Street, London, staring at a "Lend a Hand on the Land" poster.

He said: "I believe I could get together or borrow enough money to start farming. What a life that is! Plenty of grub. Good health. Business conditions guaranteed by the Government. A bit of horseback riding when you feel the urge."

I asked him where he would get his training, and he looked surprised. "Oh, I've picked up an idea here and there about the country. I've read a book or two about the land."

He was quite disturbed when I reminded him that in his former career he had to have many hours' flying to his credit before he was appointed a pilot instructor. It was not enough to have knocked around a bit, or digested a few books. Surely the same applied to farming.

There are 8,000 young men and women queueing up this summer, waiting for admission to agricultural colleges. Thousands of others are waiting to be trained as farmers by the Y.M.C.A., or by the Government, both of whom run special trainee schemes. The length of the queue of applicants whenever a farm is advertised for sale gives only a small indication of the numbers of people who want to get "Back to the Land," with a place of their own.

Far too few of these would-be farmers seem to realize that farming is a tricky and exacting job. It holds great satisfactions, yes—but it also holds more worry, hard work, long hours and responsibility than any other comparable profession in Britain.

Most Are Family Farms

I know there are show farms, and pedigree farms, and fine estates. But these are the exceptions. There are 360,000 farms in Great Britain of which approximately eighty-five per cent are "family farms" of roughly eighty acres—big enough to be a lot of work; too small to make much money.

Far from being the round-faced and jolly individual of the advertisements, the farmer is very often, in my experience, worried and anxious.

There is nobody "behind him." He has nobody to fall back on when he is sick. On a small family farm, run by family labour, sickness can be a major disaster. And the farmer is often surrounded by cash debts for feeding stuffs and manures and livestock.

As much as fifteen months can elapse between the actual start of expenditure on a wheat field and the receipt of a cheque for the threshed corn. Very often the farmer, especially the beginner, has nothing to meet his debts except intangible assets in the fields outside, which can be swept away and ruined by a couple of gales.

Foot-and-mouth disease can wipe out a whole herd of pedigree cattle; frost or the colorado beetle may mean the destruction of an entire potato crop.

Not only the hazards of climate and disease hit the farmer. There are also dangers and disasters among the strange twists and turns of Covent Garden. In the case of many crops we are returning to competitive times when the farmer finds his fruit and vegetables unsaleable at much above the bare cost.

In actual conditions of work, the farmer is tied to long hours. It is no use taking up agriculture hoping for a life of slippered ease.

I myself had two years on the land as a farm worker, and spent my nights going to the agricultural classes which are organized by the local education authority in most counties.

Some people ask me: "How do I start to get a job on a farm—to 'learn the trade' as it were?" My answer is, pick the district you want to learn farming in, then tramp from farm to farm until you find a farmer who will take you on. Don't write letters to farmers. Most of them haven't time for pen work, and would no more think of employing a worker by post than they would of buying a horse by that method.

You will learn far more on some decrepit little holding than you would ever learn with a smart pedigree outfit. You will do better to pick your farming area far out in the country, in north Wiltshire, or distant parts of Wales, or down in Devon or Cornwall. Later, when you want to buy a farm in the district, you will have a far better chance of getting the place you want cheaply than you will in the Home Counties.

Many good men start merely by working along until they see a chance to rent an acre or two, and put a pigsty on them, or run some hens. That's the best method. There is land to rent—but to get it you need to be on the spot.

Listen To The Locals

There is sometimes land to rent in my own district. But it never gets as far as any estate agents' lists. It is never discussed in the "popular" pubs, with their pseudo-Tudor frontage and gents in fashionable corduroys playing darts.

The only fellow likely to hear of such land is the young man with push and go and a keen ear for local gossip.

If you rent a farm you won't need much more than £20 an acre working capital. And today the Government is preparing a new scheme to provide up to seventy per cent of the needed capital. This may be your chance—if you are prepared, first of all, to put in two or three years as a labourer.

You will need good health—it takes it to withstand farming conditions, out of doors in all weathers. When you start farming remember that your best partner is providence—you need faith. You need patience with animals and with crops. You need an unhurried philosophy when things go wrong—as they will.

Leave experiments to those who can afford them. Don't be infatuated by modern methods—they cost money. The farming world teems with theories, but it often takes a decade to prove them.

Make a friend of your neighbour, even if it means pocketing your pride and mending his gate. Be careful not to make enemies.

If you haven't enough money for buying and you find difficulty in renting, then start on a bit of derelict land, borrow a plough and a tractor from your boss at weekends, and keep on working until you break it in. Not for nothing is there a saying: "Break a field and make a man."

You Keep Your Friends

It is no small achievement to be a good farmer. I am prejudiced, but I think the countryside often breeds better men. Their judgments are surer, they are less open to passing influence. I pity the kids who can't spend the first years of their life in an English village.

In the parlour of the Old Inn at Lowerquarter, Ludgvan, I can meet men whom I have known since childhood, men who I know will remain my friends whatever happens in the city at the end of the railway line. I have the advantage at home of vegetables out of the earth twenty feet away. Behind my house lie fifteen square miles of heather and gorse waiting to be rabbited over.

Such are the benefits of country life for a farmer. But the price of it all to a beginner is work, hard, tough, exacting and endless. There is no room here for townees who are a failure or for people who want to become the tail end of the disappearing gentry.

There *is* room for able, honest farmers. For Britain can never have too many good husbandmen.

JERRY — YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

by LAURENCE MEYNELL

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIMLOTT

Mean Mrs. Lepper paid half a crown to have her fortune told. She was determined to get a return for her money

The gipsy gazed into the crystal. "There's prosperity here if ever there was," she said, "and maybe love, too"

MRS. LEPPER WAS ALWAYS glad to see anybody coming up the short laurel-darkened drive to Pound Cottage. Not that she liked the villagers of Higley—nor, indeed, they her. She disliked them; she despised them; she thought herself superior to them.

She wanted to be a recluse from them. But simultaneously, in the same breath of thought, as it were, she wanted to know all about their doings and misdoings, and was as avid of gossip about them as a half-starved hen is of scraps.

And since nobody ever called to see Mrs. Lepper in a social way, because nobody liked her and if Higley didn't like you it said so plainly, the visits of such people as had to come—the butcher, the oilman, the insurance man, the greengrocer and occasionally the knife-grinder—were very welcome to her.

It was notorious among this back-door brigade that whenever you came to Pound Cottage you were lucky if you got away under ten minutes' chatter and with as much as half a crown's worth of trade.

"I am very careful with my money," Euphemia Lepper was wont to say.

"The old hag's a miser," was the village verdict. "If she could split a farthing down the middle and use each half twice she would."

On this particular windy March day, with the great fat rooks waddling in the wake of the ploughshares like drunken sailors dressed in black, Mrs. Lepper, sharp nose glued to the front window, her usual position of observation, was surprised and delighted to see a gipsy woman coming up the drive.

Yet, on a moment's reflection, not altogether surprised. At half past seven that morning, while finishing the toilet of a face and frame that would always be angular and rather unattractive whatever she did to them, Mrs. Lepper had dropped a mirror.

Now, if meanness was the core and marrow of Euphemia Lepper's soul, superstition was its dress. To break a mirror must inevitably mean seven years' bad luck. That was a cardinal article of faith with her. And this morning, lo and behold, the mirror had been dropped but it had not broken. Almost miraculously it had remained intact.

"Surely," Mrs. Lepper had told herself, "that must mean good luck. Something unusual will happen today."

And here it was. A gipsy woman, head covered by a bright shawl, one arm akimbo over a basket, coming up the front drive.

Mrs. Lepper was in the kitchen before the gipsy woman twirled the curious old-fashioned bell in the middle of the door, but she did not immediately move to answer.

Does them good to keep them waiting, was one of her beliefs.

The gipsy woman did not seem to be put out by waiting in the wind and the March sunshine. Maybe she liked them both better than stuffy front parlours and small back kitchens. She was not old, not young. About thirty would have fetched her. She was dark and good-looking and the traditional authentic glint of gold came from her ears.

Euphemia Lepper was thrilled to see this wild dark woman of the byways and the hedges at her back door; but you would hardly have guessed it from her curt: "What do you want?" as she poked her nose around the door.

"Good morning, lady," the gipsy answered in great geniality and easy fluency, "and it's what do *you* want, if you will pardon my saying so. For I've pins here, dozens of 'em; and clothes pegs; and I've brushes and boot polish and buttons better than you'll see in the shops; and a mousetrap and some bottles of ink and a little brooch or two—though nothing to the jewellery you have yourself I'm thinking—and a bunch or two of lucky white heather."

And her basket, a yellow wickerwork affair, did indeed reveal all these things as she ran her dark fingers through it and cascaded its contents in a shower of brittle brightness.

And there were, besides, reels of cotton and two buttonhooks and a few twopenny picture books in case there should be a child in the house, and some dusters and a thimble, and, on a card, six round bits of metal for stopping holes in pans or pots.

Mrs. Lepper was interested in these things; but she was more interested in the gipsy woman herself. The things in the basket would cost money; looking at the dark gipsy woman with the beautiful eyes cost nothing.

"And what is that at the bottom of the basket?" she asked, her senses excited by a sudden half glimpse of something.

But the gipsy adroitly flicked one of the dusters over the shining thing at the bottom of the basket and said: "Nothing, lady. All I've got for sale is what I've shown you, on the top here."

BUT it took more than a bit of legerdemain with a duster to put Mrs. Lepper off a scent like this. "I didn't say for sale," she pointed out. "I asked what you had at the bottom of the basket, underneath that duster."

"Nothing, lady."

"But I saw it."

"You've got sharp eyes, lady."

Mrs. Lepper smiled. She knew that she was right now, and she knew that she was going to have her way.

"Is it crystal?" she asked, at the same time pushing the door wider open and moving back from it.

"It might be."

"Do you tell fortunes with it?"

"I don't want to today."

"Why not today?" Mrs. Lepper asked, and now she moved right back into the kitchen and said in that deceiving soft voice of hers: "Sit down. The kettle's on and we can have a cup of tea in a moment. Why don't you want to tell fortunes today?"

The gipsy laughed. "Well, come to that," she admitted, "as well today as any other day, I suppose. Only sometimes you feel more in the mood; but, add it all up, the crystal is always the crystal, isn't it?"

"Can you see things in it?" Mrs. Lepper asked breathlessly, flitting from tea caddy to kettle and from kettle to china cupboard.

"Some days it's empty, some days it's full."

"Full?" Mrs. Lepper asked, pouring boiling water into the teapot. "What of?"

"The things that are coming."

"To me?"

"Why not? There's lots in life waiting for a lady like you, I'll be bound."

Mrs. Lepper pushed a cup of tea across and for a perceptible period hesitated. It was a struggle, but finally reckless abandon won. "Would you like some sugar?" she asked.

The gipsy woman did not appreciate it, but anyone in the village would have told her that to be given a cup of tea at Pound Cottage was an event of moment in itself, and that to be offered a lump of sugar with it savoured of the miraculous. Luckily for Mrs. Lepper's peace of mind, the gipsy did not take sugar; and, as Mrs. Lepper dropped one, two, three lumps into her own succulent brew, she pondered. . . .

Lots of things coming to her . . . it was her constant dream that this was so. She had been a widow now for eleven years; and in spite of a most seemly display of mourning she hadn't, in her heart, thought much of Lepper. A poor sort of figure of a man who had hardly had the courage to put on his bowler hat

and best suit without her telling him to, and who had been startled by the sight of a five-pound note. Some day (Mrs. Lepper's dream ran), somehow, somewhere, would come someone—a convincing, authentic male figure with the glitter of real money and success about him. . . .

"Are you enjoying your tea?" she inquired of the gipsy.

"It's a very kindly cup of tea."

"And will you tell my fortune when you've finished it?"

The gipsy shrugged her shoulders. "It's your doing, lady. I didn't press you for it, did I?"

"No. You did not. And what do you charge?"

"Some ladies give me a shilling; them that want me to see farthest give me half a crown."

Mrs. Lepper wanted to say: "*There's the tea to reckon. You've had tea and milk and you could have had sugar if you wanted.*" But the occasion was too exciting and important. Silently she opened a small, shiny black purse and drew out a solid, shiny half-crown.

"I'll give you half a crown," she said. "I want you to see all you can."

THE gipsy took the silver coin and made a quick, curious movement with it over the palm of her hand, and then from the bottom of her basket she drew out first a red duster which she folded and put on the kitchen table, and then the crystal ball which she put on top of the red duster.

"What do you see in it?" Mrs. Lepper asked after a pause.

"Nothing."

Nothing, Mrs. Lepper reflected, was not a very wide horizon for such a fee as half a crown.

"Ah, but I do," the gipsy went on quickly, her voice gaining sudden interest. "Something near and close." She leaned back from the table and looked across at Mrs. Lepper in humorous accusation. "You must be a deep one, lady. You must know all about this, it's so close and near."

"What is?" Mrs. Lepper cried in a great twitter of excitement. "I know nothing. Nothing. What is so close and so near?"

"A man, my dear. A man. Coming to you, here; in this house."

"A man? When?"

"He might be here now almost."

Brrrr-brrr. Both women in the kitchen jumped in alarm at the devastating aptness of that shrill back-door bell; and it took Mrs. Lepper almost a full minute to pluck up courage to go to the door and open it.

"Any 'ake, 'addock, 'errings or 'alibut?" inquired Mr. Birch, the travelling fishman in the raucous mechanical voice which always riled Mrs. Lepper and now positively infuriated her.

"*Nothing.*" she almost screamed at him, slamming the door in his face.

"That wasn't the man?" the gipsy inquired interestedly.

"It was *not*."

"Ah, but he's coming, my dear, never worry. And he's coming soon."

"What is he like?"

The gipsy peered into the crystal. "He's a man of business," she said.

"Money?"

"Yes, there's money, my dear, and a lot of it with this man. There's prosperity here if ever there was. There's luck here for you beyond a doubt. There's a horse here if you want to ride it. And"—the gipsy smiled slyly at her, woman to woman—"maybe a bit of love, too."

Trying not to blush, Mrs. Lepper reached out for the pot and poured a second cup of tea out for them both.

When the gipsy had gone Mrs. Lepper washed up the two teacups slowly and thoughtfully. She told herself that it was all nonsense and that she didn't really, of course, believe a word of it. But she took good care not to convince herself. . . . *A man with money* . . . it was her dream; her dream exactly.

"Let me look," Mrs. Lepper had begged, bending forward; but the gipsy had hurriedly snatched up the crystal and buried it in the basket again.

"If you look it will spoil everything," she had cried warningly.

All the morning, as she pottered about dusting the dust which wasn't there, and polishing the things that already shone with over-polishing, Mrs. Lepper turned over in her mind these extraordinary and exciting events.

Twice the front gate went *click*, and twice she was disappointed. The first time it was the oilman, who was coming a day earlier than usual because his daughter was getting married later in the week; and the second time it was the tiresome Miss Tippett — *prance-prance-prance* she came up the path—who was out on her monthly errand of distributing the parish church magazine.

AND then, at half past twelve precisely, Mrs. Lepper heard a car stop, not directly outside her front gate, but not many yards away. Sufficiently near, anyway, to make her prick her ears and wonder. Cars were not of frequent occurrence in her little side lane.

And then, *click*. . . .

She rushed to the window and held the curtain slightly to one side with a hand that trembled. A man—no Higley person this!—was coming up the dark little path. A tall man in a blue suit with something stamped all over him which at a glance, at half a glance, spoke convincingly of the outside world and of power and of wealth.

Rat-tat went the knocker on the front door (there was no bell there); Mrs. Lepper waited for a second to get her breath and then went to open it.

He smiled; he raised his hat and, in a voice that was as authentic as all the rest of him, he said:

"Good morning. I am so sorry to bother you but I am in trouble with my car. I noticed you were on the telephone and if you would be so good as to let me make a call it would save me a great deal of inconvenience."

Never before in eight years had Euphemia Lepper been so glad that she had had the telephone installed. She had had it done, at you may guess what purse-string pangs, because she was convinced that she suffered from a weak heart and the nearest doctor was in the county town six miles away. And now the telephone, which she didn't use once a month and was scared of anyway, was most blessedly going to justify its existence.

"Of course, if it is any inconvenience. . . ." said the man.

"No. Please, please."

"Only, being a stranger here, I had no idea where the public call box is."

"There isn't one."

"Ah."

"You must come in and use mine, of course."

"It is really exceedingly kind of you. I've got a puncture and I have had to change the wheel of my car, but it has taken me some little time and I shall be late for a vital business meeting. So that if I could telephone——"

"Of course. Come in, please."

The stranger came in, bending his height to do so and shattering some of the fusty sombreness of the place with his laughter and breezy talk.

"What a nuisance a car is when it breaks down!"

"Indeed."

"And what a blessing a telephone and a friend in need can be."

Mrs. Lepper blushed. "The telephone," she said, "is in the sitting-room and the young person at the post office exchange is usually exceedingly rude."

She pulled the door to behind the man, but naturally she didn't quite shut it. Anyway, Pound Cottage was small and the stranger talked as though all the world was his friend. Mrs. Lepper found that it was possible to be in the dining-room, with the door open, and to hear every syllable that he said.

This suited her admirably. In the dining-room somewhat meagre preparations had been made for her lonely lunch, and now with almost incredible swiftness she set about transforming these into presentable arrangements for two. In her heart she almost sang a paean of praise to the pork pie which only yesterday in a fit of extravagance she had bought from Rumtwist the butcher.

And as she worked she listened. . . .

". . . Is that you, Humphrey? Ah, my dear fellow. Chilton speaking. I am frightfully sorry, but I can't make it. . . . Yes, I know I'm late already. I can't help it. . . . I'm not sure where, but miles from you, anyway. I've had a puncture and I've had a deuce of a job with the spare wheel. In fact, I haven't got it quite fixed yet. The confounded thing has taken me a good half hour all told. No, I'm telephoning from a private house; some quite charming lady"—Mrs. Lepper almost dropped the knife she had in her hand—"is allowing me to do so. Now listen, Humphrey, I've spoken to Clissold and to Max about those things and they both say it's real inside information. I'm taking two thousand of them myself, and if they don't double in value in a year I'll eat my hat. I can let you have a thousand if you want them. . . .

"No, I can't let you have *one* more. . . . I daresay you would like them, my dear boy; who wouldn't? Anyone who knew about it would be a fool not to jump at the chance. But a thousand is all you get. . . . And for heaven's sake don't tell anybody about them. . . . This afternoon? Yes, I can manage that. . . . I'll get myself a bite of lunch somewhere and then come on. I ought to be with you by three, but I wanted to get in touch with you before the bank closes in case you want to make any arrangements about the money."

MR. CHILTON put his head round the dining-room door, which Mrs. Lepper had pushed to as soon as she realized there would be no more to hear.

"Ah, Mrs.—I'm so sorry, I don't know your name."

"Lepper. Euphemia Lepper."

"Mrs. Lepper, I can't tell you how grateful I am to you. You must let me know how much I owe you for the call."

Long-range tactics won a ferocious battle inside Euphemia Lepper's soul. "I would be offended if you tried to pay me anything," she said magnificently. "One doesn't want to be paid for every little kindness."

"Well, that's exceedingly handsome of you. It has certainly been a big help to me. I had a business appointment that I particularly didn't want to miss, and now it's all right."

"And now you're not in such a hurry?"

"Not for half an hour or so. I thought there might be somewhere in the village perhaps where you could recommend me to get a bit of lunch."

There were two excellent inns within half a mile, but Mrs. Lepper shook her head reflectively. Now that fate had, at long last and so handsomely, fulfilled her dream, she certainly wasn't going to be fool enough to let the fulfilment just walk away.

"If you don't mind pork pie," she suggested.

Mr. Chilton surveyed the table, now laid with the gleaming best of everything for two.

"But I—I couldn't think of it," he protested.

"It's here—all ready."

"Well, I must admit that if there's one thing I enjoy for lunch above all others it's a pork pie."

Mrs. Lepper realized that fate had dealt her unexpected cards, but she wasn't

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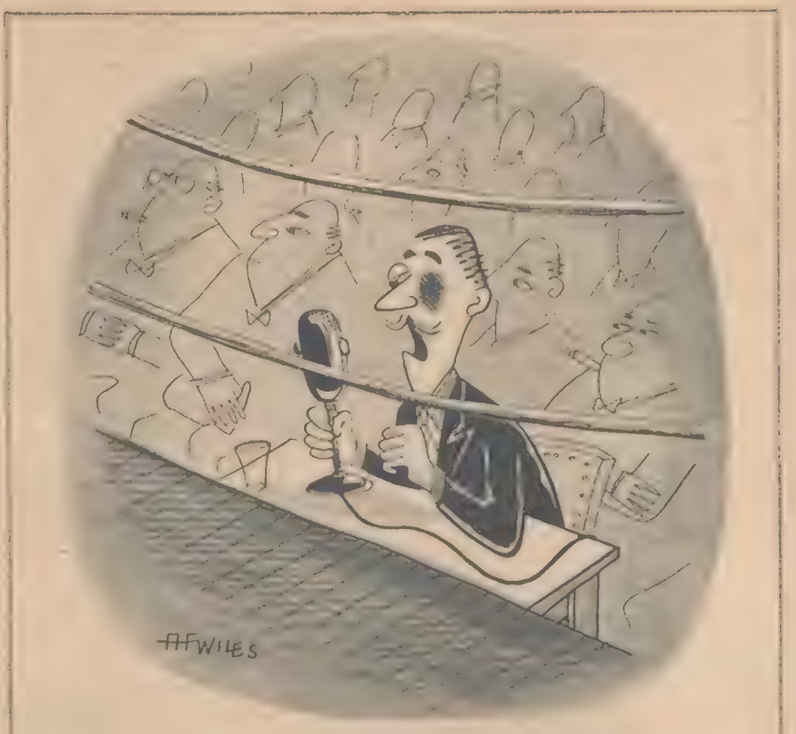


". . . followed by a terrific left-hook from O'Reilly that completely failed to contact his opponent . . ."

"What one gets is given pleasantly": waiter helps tourists order meal in elegant, candle-lit Paris restaurant

France is a generous host

by WILLIAM ARMSTRONG

Why is France still the main tourist country for the Briton? There's good food, and it needn't be dear. There's grand scenery. And there's real hospitality

THE BOAT TRAIN TO PARIS stands on the quay at Dieppe. In the fifty minutes before it starts I can cross the road to a café and order a four-egg omelette, an enormous helping of fried potatoes, all the bread and Camembert cheese I can eat and two pints of good Normandy cider—for half a crown.

The same meal a year or even six months ago would have cost me nine or ten shillings, always supposing the food had been there to eat. That the food *is* there, and that its cost has dropped to a very reasonable level, is one way of measuring the extent of the French recovery.

Another is the increase in tourist traffic. "We expect almost half a million people to cross the Channel to France in 1949," they told me in the French National Tourist Office in London. "This is 100,000 more than went last year, and nearly three times as many as in 1938, the last normal season before the war. We are ready, too, for 30,000 motorists, an increase of 10,000 on the figure for last summer."

The great majority of these tourists will remain in France for their holidays, for France, in spite of Switzerland, Italy and points east, is still about the best country in Europe for a cheap, interesting and rewarding visit.

Alps—Or African Sun

What makes France Tourist Country Number 1 for so many British people like myself?

A combination of many things, I think. Its extraordinary variety, for instance. Only a few hours from the very English climate of Normandy are the sun of Africa and the glaciers of the Alps. The grey Breton villages, so like Cornwall in their people and appearance, can be exchanged overnight for the bright little casino towns of the Mediterranean coast and their ebullient inhabitants.

Savagery and sophistication meet in France. There are dress shows in Paris and bullfights in Bayonne; there is the fantastic gaiety of Nice's flower festivals and the impressive reverence of 10,000 pilgrims climbing up to Lourdes. Or, to get away from it all, there are the woods of the Limousin and the valley of the Loire in Touraine—some of the truest, most peaceful country scenery in Europe.

When travelling in France I have always found two constants in this bewildering change of people, places and skies: the French hospitality and French insistence on value. What one gets is given pleasantly, and what is given is good.

Whether you spend a fortnight in an *auberge* in the Pyrenees—as I did this year—or three days in a luxury hotel in Paris, you will be made to feel that France itself was unhappy till you came. After years of the "take-it-or-leave-it" attitude of austerity, such courtesy is refreshing.

This interest in clients will not be wholly material. The French understand service better than any other people in the world, but they have a genuine passion for personality. If the proprietor of a hotel wants to know all about his guests it will not be because he is suspicious but because he is interested in them as human beings. That, I think, is another quality which makes France such a pleasant place for a holiday: its sense of humanity.

Of course the French, from the porter at Calais to the girl who hawks roses in a Paris night spot, are interested in the British tourist's fifty pounds. But their charm is a pleasant anaesthetic, and money will never have been so painlessly extracted.

A pound is 1,000 francs. What can one do for 50,000 francs in France? The travel agencies organize inclusive tours to every part of the country; prices range from twenty-four pounds for eight days in Paris to forty-five pounds for a sixteen-day trip to the Riviera.

Dancing In The Streets

In summer there is hardly a town in France that is not *en fête* at some date or another; on the Riviera, especially, they never seem to be anything else. Fortunately, pageantry and spectacle are cheap. There are processions and dancing in the streets; Parisian elegance and Mediterranean dash; motor racing, bathing, golf and tennis. And, naturally, the casinos.

A season ticket for the average casino costs about fifteen shillings. But unless one starts with a fat win, it might be better to stay on the beach. It's cheaper and more fun.

Hotels in France are divided into four categories, but three things characterize them all: cleanliness, service and excellent food. A week in a good-class family hotel—a *pension de famille*—need not cost more than five pounds. For that sum there are three good meals a day, solid comfort and an obliging tolerance from the staff. Within reason, one eats where and when it is convenient. There is no "No service after seven thirty" nonsense in France.

The small hotel in the Basque country where I spent a fortnight last month—and to which I am returning later this year—cost me sixteen shillings a day. The price of the second-class return fare was fifteen pounds, and twenty-four hours after leaving Victoria I was fishing for trout in a pleasant stream on the Spanish border.

The bottle of good local wine that was cooling in the shallows had cost rather less than eighteenpence, and my licence for thirty miles of unrestricted fishing very little more.

The Basque country and the Riviera are about as far away in France as one can get from England. Normandy and Brittany are almost in our back garden, and Normandy especially attracted thousands of British visitors before the war.

In those days the cluster of little *plages* between Deauville and Arromanches shone like a bright window box above the door of France; many of them are ruined and empty now. I made a pilgrimage from Houlgate, near Deauville, to Omaha beach beyond Arromanches. It was an eerie and impressive experience to walk along those sands that were once so gay and now only serve to celebrate the greatest military landing in history.

Experts In Giving Pleasure

Brittany, that great green claw of France gripping the Atlantic, is less touched than Normandy by the war, and its well-known resorts, like Dinard and Dinan, are flourishing. They are gay, attractive towns whose people well understand how to give pleasure, but I found it cheaper and more interesting to go farther south to Finistère, to Concarneau, or to the small fishing villages of the Morbihan—Lamor-Baden or La Trinité, where the most succulent oysters in France are to be found.

All these places are on the sea or near

it and should be avoided—as I once found to my cost—between July 15 and August 15. This period is France's holiday month: theatres and many shops are closed in the big cities, paid holidays begin, and France explodes outwards to the mountains and the sea.

Travel becomes trying then, and hotels everywhere, above all on the coast, put up their prices by as much as forty per cent. The last fortnight in June and all September are good weeks in France. The crowds have either not arrived or have already gone away: prices are lower and the country is at its most beautiful.

France has the finest network of roads in Europe, as the 30,000 drivers who are taking their cars over this year will discover. I have hardly found a village in France that cannot be reached by a motoring road of some sort, and where there are roads there are inns.

One of the pleasantest things in France is the absence of that feeling of racing to the next pub before closing time, and wondering what they'll give you when you get there. There is plenty to eat, and closing time is when you leave.

There is little rationing in France, but neither are there food subsidies, and restaurants have to compete with world food prices. The bill for a meal can be what one likes to make it, but anywhere except in the bigger cities and resorts a three-course meal of as much as you want to eat can be had for five shillings.

Flag On Your Rucksack

The young in France must be the most enthusiastic and expert hitch-hikers in the world. Possibly the "auto-stop," as they call it, is a legacy of the occupation, but I found it impossible to motor far without being flagged. For a really cheap holiday this method is hard to beat, and an amazing lot of the country can be covered in a very short time.

British hikers who sew a Union Jack on their rucksacks need never wait long for a lift on the main arterial roads. A friend of mine reached Cannes from St. Malo in a day and a half with only four changes of car.

British prestige stands very high in France at the moment. The French have always thought of us as "intimate enemies" and the phrase for them implies a state of wry affection. Our histories have been too closely linked and the absorption of a common culture too long continued to make anything like a neutral attitude possible. "We don't talk the same language," a Frenchman said to me, "but we mean the same thing."

Travelling through France this year I got an inkling of what the last ten years have meant to the country. The French, like us, want to forget the war. There were stresses and strains in France that we, fortunately, never felt: nor do we know how we would have reacted to them.

On Her Feet Again

I saw poverty and distress in France; I saw corruption and, among some classes, near despair. France had terrible material problems to face. She was completely impoverished at the liberation; her factories were rusting and her land was starved. Added to this was a political dilemma which we in this country find difficult to understand: the conflict between two great extremist parties, the Communists and the right wing Gaullists.

Yet, France managed to pull herself out of it. And her recovery is as impressive as Britain's: for the British visitor to France this summer, although there will be room for his sympathy and admiration, there will be none for patronage and still less for blame.

Nobody can *not* enjoy themselves in France: but their enjoyment will be the keener if they realize that this hospitable and beautiful country is fighting for its life and is winning the battle handsomely.

JERRY—YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

Continued from page 18

sure how to play them. Luckily Mr. Chilton was the easiest man in the world to talk to. While he ate, which he did largely and with evident enjoyment, he breezed along without any inhibitions. He lived in London, but loved the country; he was a business man, not that a charming woman wanted to worry her head about *that*; it was quite fun though; frankly he enjoyed making money; some people pretended not to, but he never pretended about it, he found it fascinating. . . .

"I'm sure it is," Mrs. Lepper said, gazing at him, fascinated herself. "I'm *sure*."

"But I don't want to bore you with talk about business."

"I do assure you, Mr. Chilton, it doesn't bore me. I've been a widow-woman these eleven years and life isn't easy. I'm always on the lookout for the chance of doing a little business."

"If you've got a tidy bit of money sensibly invested, Mrs. Lepper, leave it there. That's really the best advice I can give you."

It wasn't the advice you gave your friend Humphrey on the telephone, Mrs. Lepper thought, but aloud she said: "I could always manage to put my hands on a bit of money for a new investment—if I knew what to invest it in."

Mr. Chilton shook his head. "I suppose you bank locally?" he asked.

"Yes. In High Hampton. I've a thousand and twenty-three pounds on deposit there at this moment."

"Leave it there, Mrs. Lepper. It won't come to harm in the bank."

"But it won't come to any good either, Mr. Chilton. Some clever people are able to do things with their money which doubles it in no time."

Mrs. Lepper thought it was dangerous to have said that because Mr. Chilton would guess that she had been listening to his conversation, so she added quickly and almost tearfully: "But, of course, I live out of the world now. Nobody ever thinks of giving me help or advice what to do for the best."

MR. CHILTON sighed, like a good-natured man driven into a corner.

"Well," he said. "I must say that you've been exceedingly kind to me and I would certainly like to do something to repay your hospitality."

Mrs. Lepper waited, breathless.

"It does so happen that I am in the middle of a deal which I hope, which I am sure, will make me quite a lot of money. I say I'm *sure*, Mrs. Lepper—that's true; but even certainties have gone wrong before now, you know."

Mrs. Lepper nodded impatiently. She didn't want the cautionary postscript, she wanted the tip. She knew about the gipsy, Mr. Chilton didn't.

"What sum of money do you want to invest, Mrs. Lepper?"

"A thousand pounds."

Mr. Chilton shook his head. "Don't do it. It's too much."

"I don't want to miss my chance."

Mr. Chilton still shook his head. "In any case I couldn't possibly let you have that number of shares. I couldn't possibly do it. In fact I don't see how I can let you have any, really."

"But you must, you must."

"Well, four hundred at the outside."

"Five hundred—please."

But Mr. Chilton's philanthropy stuck at four hundred pound shares and, although he was clearly too polite to say so, he managed to convey the impression that he couldn't for the life of him think why he was going as far as that.

"And even then I don't see how it can be worked," he said gloomily, "because the deal has got to be completed this afternoon in actual hard cash. And if you give me a cheque now I won't get the cash for three days."

"Are you going through High Hampton?"

"Yes. And I must be off."

"Then I can come with you, cash a cheque at the bank for four hundred and let you have it and you can buy the shares for me this afternoon."

"Y-es. We could do it that way, I suppose."

"And you could send me the share papers, or whatever they are, by registered post."

"You are very trusting, Mrs. Lepper."

Euphemia Lepper smiled. It was true that she did trust this confident, pleasant stranger, but she trusted still more the gipsy and her own overhearing ears.

Mr. Chilton glanced at the clock and jumped up. "Well," he said. "I'll do it as you've been so very kind to me."

He began to ferret about in an imposing brown leather case with shining brass buckles and lock. "Look, Mrs. Lepper," he said. "I'll give you an official receipt for the money, of course; and I see that I happen to have here a proposal form for transference of shares. I'll fill that up for you and sign it, and that will be an absolute safeguard for you until the final documents come through in about four days' time. Will that suit you?"

It suited Euphemia Lepper admirably. The proposal form crinkled imposingly and was magnificently decorated with flourishes and seals.

"There," said Mr. Chilton, when all the signing was done and Mrs. Lepper had put the precious form safely away in her desk, "if this little deal doesn't make a clear four-hundred-pound profit for you in under a year you can call me—anything you like."

He ran Mrs. Lepper the six miles into High Hampton in his car and drew up outside the bank.

"Perhaps you had better come in with me," she suggested.

He laughed. "Indeed not. You're a woman of affairs, I can see that. I can always tell if a person has a business head. But I want you to be doing this all on your own, Mrs. Lepper. I don't want to influence you in it at all."

Euphemia Lepper smiled archly at him. "It wasn't you that influenced me," she said.

Mr. Chilton took the 400 notes with some reluctance. "You're sure?" he asked. "Even now you can cry the whole thing off if you want to, you know."

But Mrs. Lepper was quite sure. She didn't want to cry anything off. She wanted to turn £400 into £800 without any trouble or exertion on her part and without any knowledge even of how the miracle came about, or of where the magic hundred per cent profit came from.

"Well, if you are certain. . . ." Mr. Chilton said, stowing the notes safely away in his pockets.

He escorted Mrs. Lepper to the Higley bus, for the urgency of his business appointment would not let him waste any more time in High Hampton, and when he had seen her on to the little green-and-white bus he jumped into his car and, whistling softly, drove off.

A MILE out of the town a figure was sitting on a stile by the wayside. A female figure in gipsy dress. Mr. Chilton always a kindly disposed man, drew up.

"Like a lift?" he inquired facetiously.

"You've been a hell of a long time," the gipsy woman complained as she bundled herself and her basket in. "Any luck?"

"Four hundred," Mr. Chilton said. "Four hundred of the best. And in £1 notes, which makes it easier. In my pocket at this moment."

The girl thought for a moment or two and then burst out laughing. "Four hundred!" she said. "Gosh, it's marvellous. Jerry—you're wonderful!"

"No, I'm not. Truly I'm not. I hardly did a thing. I had almost to fight to keep the old lady at bay. I could have had a thousand off her only I thought the bank manager might start asking questions if she took too much out. Moderation in all things, that's me. No, I'm not wonderful. It's human nature that's wonderful. The credulity, stupidity and cupidity of human nature."

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Out With It

I HAVE always liked the story of the little girl who was reproved by her nurse for bad table manners. "Nobody," said the nurse severely, "eats soup with a fork."

"I eat soup with a fork," was the dignified answer, "and I am somebody!"

Human relationships would be a lot easier if people would think before they speak. Careless use of words is the cause of half the arguments that sour relationships even between friends.

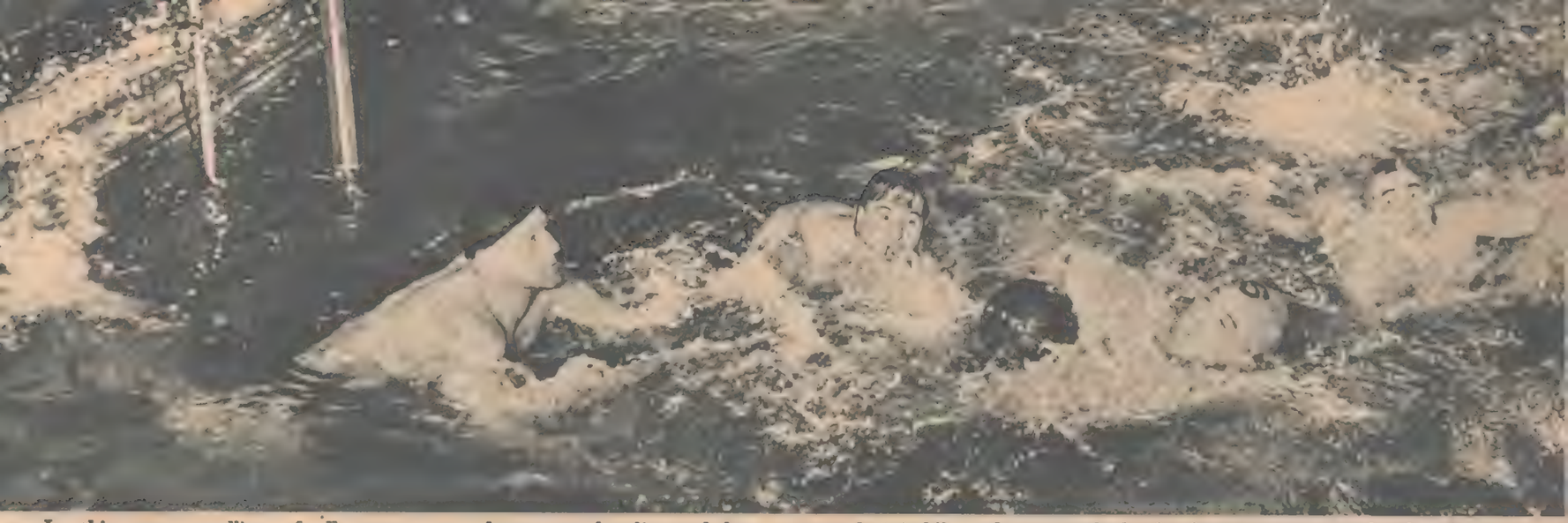
It is always a good thing to say exactly what you mean, and to mean exactly what you say.

Straight, honest talk never hurt anyone. It is the sly hint or innuendo that wounds.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



In this most gruelling of all games, our players are handicapped by a cramped "pitch"—and our method of selecting teams needs changing

Cleaning up water polo

by IDRIS HARRINGTON

The new rules now proposed may eliminate underwater toughs, and give a boost to Britain's young hopes

THIS SUMMER a British team is leaving for Scandinavia to play Sweden, Norway and Denmark at water polo. After the trouncing we got from Hungary in the Olympic Games, there aren't many British swimmers who could be sanguine about our chances. But those in doubt should meet the team's coach, W. B. Lovely.

Bill Lovely is tall, lean, about fifty, slow-speaking, and methodical. He has a scrapbook into which goes every detail about his beloved teams—lists of names, training notes, photographs of bare stalwarts, arms crossed and looking right at you.

Water polo is Lovely's passion; it's a romance that has filled most of his life. He was famous twenty years ago as captain of the great Plaistow United, as captain of Essex County, and as an English international player. And as a coach he has played an important part in Olympic politics for the last ten or twelve years, coaching the British team for the European Games in 1938 and again in 1947; and it was his team that took all the punishment from Hungary last year.

Isolated From Wives

Lovely makes no apologies. "We were hopelessly outclassed by Hungary. The score was 11—2. There is no excuse."

But E. J. Scott, who is considered England's leading referee, has this explanation: "We were up against one of the three best teams in the world, composed of amateurs who play water polo and do practically nothing else. Hungary's players have no more freedom than if they were on active service. They are isolated from their wives, controlled and disciplined. The team boss is a party man. Players must toe the party line."

Water polo has never had much of a following in Britain. It is too slow to entertain. There are far too many rules which are difficult to enforce, and there is much too much whistle. One newspaper man, reporting an Olympic match, commented that the referee played practically everything on his whistle except *Tannhäuser*.

And it's a game with a dirty history, in which Britain was predominant and predominantly dirty until the French won the Olympic tournament in 1924. Before that we had been the world masters at the game, having developed the technique of close marking and rough handling, and choosing as internationals the largest and toughest to terrorize foreign swimming pools.

Mauling And Kicking

As E. J. Scott says: "In the old days you had to know the art of fouling before you could hope to be considered for international honours. We actually used to practise such fouls as using the leg to push off, holding, swimming over, mauling, kicking, ducking!"

And Lovely tells of one team-mate who is reported to have known more about fouling than any other water polo player before or since. After playing against a Paris team, the French captain came up and showed the Briton an aluminium shield he wore under his swimming costume. The shield was dented, from a kick which he claimed the British player had given him.

Often a match ended in a free fight. In 1934, the Hungarians left the Wembley pool, refusing to continue a match against the Empire Swimming Club; and on another occasion the Germans are said to have become so incensed by our fouling tactics that they pulled down the Union Jack.

This year the International Water Polo Board faces a stiff issue—the new rules proposed by South America. Based on basket ball, their main features are:

(*a*) Personal contact with one's opponent is barred under penalty—to eliminate close marking and impeding; (*b*) movement is allowed after the whistle has put the ball out of play; (*c*) players ordered from the water are out of the game for the rest of the time, but, in order to prevent the match becoming one-sided, substitutes are permitted as in ice hockey; (*d*) scoring is not allowed from within the four-yard area except for a player who has brought the ball in himself—this is to reduce close goal-play; (*e*) the two-yard line is eliminated; and (*f*) the goalkeeper must pass beyond the four-yard line.

I've seen crack teams playing under the new rules. The game is faster, as the South Americans claim; there appears to be less whistle and the game is much cleaner. But it is harder work for the players, who need to be younger, fitter and more expert. My impression is that the tough school is scared of the South American rules. The new game calls for those athletic virtues which many of our internationals have never possessed in excess of their European opponents—speed, stamina, ball control, throwing ability, quick starting. Surely the position can be remedied.

Finding the remedy is Lovely's assignment. "First," he says, "we must overcome a major difficulty—our players don't practise enough together." The reason is that they only get time off for matches at weekends, but as the Amateur Swimming Association frowns on Sunday swimming, it means Saturdays only.

Our Baths Too Small

If our players finish exhausted while Continentals appear to be quite fresh at the end of the most gruelling game in the world, you will find one explanation for it in the size of our swimming baths.

International matches are played in the maximum area. In England this is thirty by twenty yards, or 600 square yards; on the Continent, thirty by twenty metres, or 656 square yards—quite a considerable difference when the pace is much faster than anything you've been used to before. Only a few of our baths equal the maximum area. It is more common to see important matches played in baths that average, perhaps, twenty-eight by ten yards, or 280 square yards.

"Then," Lovely goes on, "something pretty desperate has got to be done about the selection of our teams."

For years our practice has been to pick a team as far as possible consisting of the nation's best individual goalkeeper, backs and forwards. Theoretically, these individuals may be the best, but in a match they do not necessarily add up to the best team.

The team to represent a country should be selected as the best *team*, not as a chorus of stars who have had little experience of each other's play. Thirteen years ago this principle was demonstrated here when Plaistow United played the Rest of Great Britain and won 5—1.

Progressives' Plan

The more progressively minded of the A.S.A. have put forward what they call water polo's four-year plan. It suggests that the team selected to represent Great Britain in all international matches of the year should be the winning area team in a league open to N. Ireland, Scotland, Wales and the five English districts comprising the A.S.A.

But the progressives are facing opposition. The fate of the plan has yet to be decided.

Some countries scrap a complete international side after one Olympic event and concentrate on a fresh crowd of youngsters for the next leap year; but it has been one of our retrogressive practices to cap players too late in their prime. Lovely himself was twenty-eight before he was capped. However, the A.S.A. is now wisely considering very much younger blood that the newly instituted junior championships have revealed.

There's Terry Miller, 6 ft. 3 in. and weighing fourteen stone, an Essex schoolboy who was capped last year for England at the age of sixteen. There has never been a younger international. P. Jones, of Cheltenham, also sixteen, is another youngster on the way to the top; with Jerry Worsall, eighteen, of Surrey; Ron Turner, twenty-one, a Penguin; Ken Barker, a Leander, reserve for last year's English team; Moody, one of Leeds's juniors; and eighteen-year-old Arthur Chamberlain, of Plaistow.

"You couldn't wish a finer bunch of fellows on me," says Coach Lovely. "They're clean-living, self-disciplined and keen as mustard."

Bill Lovely obviously feels the water-treading phase of English water polo may soon give way to a phase of international match-winning.

OLD MAN OF THE MOOR

by GEORGE BEARDMORE

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY WEARE

At ninety-five Jonty was tired of life; at a hundred he wanted to die but couldn't. Yet at a hundred and three it seemed as if he'd decided to start life all over again

STROOK, THE SENIOR INSPECTOR of the Jupiter in Fenchurch Street, was telling a story over a cup of tea in the Lombard Club. Business was slack and the group of insurance men and brokers' clerks was bigger than usual.

Their pockets filled with proposals and Lloyds slips covering all the known perils of earth, sea and sky, they probably constituted the most hard-boiled audience under the sun.

The most extraordinary case I ever met (Strook said) was in Staffordshire in my early days with the old Manifold Property and Life. Believe it or not, we had a fellow on the books 107 years old—107! I mean it. What's more, we were paying him an annuity.

He lived on Biddulph Moor, a desolate spot not far from the Derbyshire border.

Being so isolated, the moor folk have become a separate tribe, small, tough and self-dependent. Naturally they possess all the signs of prolonged inbreeding, one of which is that they share among them about seven family names—Baileys, Nixons, Sherratts, Hulmes, and I forget what else. With having so few names a system of nicknames has grown up, and the man I'm telling you about was called Jonty John Sherratt.

There were five other John Sherratts, but he was the only Jonty.

In those days, being young and filled with enthusiasm, I felt it my duty to go there. My predecessor had felt the same urge in his young days. It was then that he had collected this catastrophical annuity of Jonty's.

You can fold up your mortality tables when you talk about Biddulph Moor. They don't apply. The average age up there is ninety-three.

I remember paying my first call on Jonty, bicycling out from Leek on a fine April morning along Rudyard Lake and up to the moor. I rode past the little cabin place that served as post office, round an outcrop of enormous boulders and up a steep lane that seemed to be leading to the world's top shelf. When at last I reached the cottage, the lane was still travelling into space.

A brood of chicks was tumbling about the threshold and an old woman who might have been cured in her own peat smoke came out with a shovel and directed me "up th'fayld." I dropped the bike and went up the field.

WHEN I first saw Jonty he was humping a load of manure across a four-acre field to his allotment.

I showed him my card and he became friendly, leaning on his spade and telling me his woes in a slow, almost inaudible drawl. He was then in his ninety-fifth year, squat, square-shouldered, blue-eyed and, to his grief, as vigorous as ever.

The fact was that he was tired of life and feared the advancing years. His friends had died, his sons had married, and the only one left to him was his daughter, the old woman I had seen at the cottage, of whom he said: "Shay was always a wikling. Shay's seventy-thray only but they cost see fur theesen shay's fading fast. Then ah'll be by meesen."

I felt very sorry for him. In a way, the Manifold was to blame for paying him forty-two shillings a week since his seventieth birthday. He had no worries, no desires he could not satisfy, and he lived in the healthiest spot in the world. No hope existed: it looked as if he must go on living for ever.

I suggested: "If your daughter dies, can't you go and live somewhere else?"

He let drop his big hand. "I bin abroad when I was sixty," he said. "My son Joshua took a cart and went to Wetley Rocks when he got married, and I followed the marks his cart made and sur-prised him. But I come home next day." He shook his head in disgust. "They're all strangers at Wetley Rocks, not a face among 'em I knowed, nor a man there knowed me."

If there's a place ruder and healthier than Biddulph Moor, it's Wetley Rocks, so I saw no point in recommending him to try it again. I marked my card as having verified that he still lived, shook his hand and departed.

Two years passed before I saw him again. The slip we sent to him quarterly for the collection of his annuity at the post office was returned marked: "Gone away." I guessed then that things must have grown pretty desperate for him. For one of his sort to move eight miles is like you or me moving to the Balkans. I was making up my mind to go and investigate when a woman called at the office, asked for me personally, and greeted me with the words: "Jonty John an't 'ad is pay-slip."

I confess I didn't like this person. She was a common country type, without the distinction of individualists like Jonty, about forty years of age, rough-cheeked and with a shawl round her head. Her attitude chiefly implied that we intended to defraud her, Jonty John and the public in general.

I showed her the returned envelope and inquired where Jonty John was now staying. She replied simply: "With me." I learned that the daughter—that is, the old woman with the shovel—had died. For some months he had stuck it by himself before venturing abroad again to Wetley Rocks. But time had passed, Joshua's cottage was filled with offspring, and there was no possibility of his taking in his father.

This time, however, Wetley Rocks had not been entirely filled with strangers, for a woman from the moor had recognized him and taken him in. This was the person in front of me.

I didn't give her the pay-slip, but promised to visit him myself. We had a system whereby a form was sent to the annuitant which he signed, testifying that he was still alive. His signature had to be witnessed by someone not related to him and not living with him under the same roof. Generally this witness was the postmistress. After getting this back, we sent a money order. It was a rotten system, lending itself to all sorts of collusion and abuse.

Jonty was nothing like his old self when I saw him. The woman's cottage stood beside a stream and, although neat enough, was damp. Jonty was huddled over a coal fire with a shawl round his shoulders to keep the cold out.

He told me: "I never bin poorly before. It's like pins sticking in the elbows, and sometimes a draught blows through me head like they was blowing up the fire at the smith's. I dunna reckon I s'l be long, now."

I asked him if he wanted a doctor and he replied: "Nay, nay. I dunna want no doctor. Her's very good to me—very good. I never bin so poorly."

At that I left him. After all, I was an interested party: I reported to the manager that we should soon be writing another annuitant off the books and, the books being in the state they were, he was not displeased.

As quarter after quarter passed, I was surprised to notice that Jonty did not die. I decided to call on him again. It was round about his hundredth birthday.

AT first the woman kept in the background as she had done before, a vague figure in shawl and apron ostensibly polishing a grate but in reality closely following our conversation. Jonty John was in bed, lying face upwards on a tall structure of couches and mattresses with his nose not two feet from the ceiling.

He greeted me without enthusiasm, which was an encouraging sign. I asked him how he did, and he mumbled: "I shanna be long, mister, I shanna be long."

"Can you put your name to a piece of paper?"

"Oo aye, I can do that."

I passed the paper up, together with a fountain pen, and he signed. "What's the idea, laying yourself out under the ceiling?" I asked.

"It's warmer. This here cold gives me the dithers. Besides——" he paused dramatically, "missus likes it up here."

"Missus?" I said astonished.

The women put down her polishing rag and came forward as he replied: "Aye. She married me, she did. I wunna be dead this twelvemonth. I won't ever be dead without *summat* happen. So she married me." And he added regretfully: "But I anna dead yet."

Scarcely believing him I turned round to the woman and said: "So you've married him, have you?"

She looked a bit sheepish, as well she might, and replied: "Aye. You see, mister, the old fool hasn't spent any of that there money you bin sending him. I thought it were a shame to leave it behind him, like, to share out between a lot of moor folk."

It was no business of mine, of course. If at the last moment (and it looked like the last moment, then) he chose to marry this woman and leave his money to her, that was his business, and not the Manifold Property and Life's.

But privately I worked out that two guineas a week for thirty years came to something comfortably over £3,000.

Meanwhile the woman was putting the kettle on and laying out three cups and saucers. I felt that she had something on her mind, over and above the matter of the marriage. A conversation ensued that ran something like this: "He's real creachy, dosna' think?"

"Yes, I think he does sound weaker."

"He frets so, worrying hisself. Before he knows what's about, he'll have worried hisself to his feet again. The man'll never die, will you, Jonty?"

Jonty groaned. "I'm worse'n you know, my girl. There's only one thing keeping me from dying. I mun get myself home. No moor man ever died but back home, and this here place wun never see me dead."

The woman poured out the tea. "That's like the old fool." she said. "Never satisfied." But there was no doubt that the words had sunk home.

After drinking my tea I rose to go, shook Jonty's hand and, as a matter of form, wished him well before going to the threshold. I was not surprised when Jonty's wife followed me. As I was tying on my cycle clips, she said: "Dustna' say, mister, there's more in it than that—a lot more. Aye. When the old 'un goes, there wunna only be me to think on."

I turned round with astonishment. "What do you mean?" I said. "You married him so you're his wife, and so far as I know he's got no one else he's fond of."

She replied: "That's right, mister, but I soon will have." And with that she turned and disappeared into the house.

Back at the office I told the manager that appearances were all against Jonty's surviving the year. Out of curiosity I computed how much in premiums he had paid us before we had begun to give them back to him. The total was £384.

THE following quarter I found the clerk posting the pay-slip to the old address on the moor, so that doubtless the new Mrs. Jonty had seen to it that he had no excuse for failing her. By this time all the office was keenly interested in Jonty. Quarter after quarter someone would wave the completed pay-slip under my nose and say: "There you are, he's signed, he's still on his feet!" as though it were my fault.

After three years I slipped up to the moor to have a look at him.

I never saw anything so disheartening in my life. The walls and chimney had been repainted, a new front door had been hung, and Jonty himself—at 103—was laying the concrete foundations for a new pigsty. Stranger still, a sturdy infant in the toddling stage, a sort of miniature Jonty, was helping him.

On seeing me Jonty slowly raised himself, stretched his limbs and blew out his lungs. "I bin expecting you, mister," he said. I caught a hint of shame in his manner. "I set out riding in a cart but so soon as it come to Shirkley I got out and walked. I walked all the way. I bin walking ever since." He waved his hand apologetically at the wind-swept horizon, its tumbled rocks and endless walls. "I'll never go abroad no more. Nay, why should I, with this here little nineter fer keep me going?" He bent to his task again and said: "Nobody can't say I an't done me best."

Much as I liked him, I felt so despondent that I turned my back on him and went into the house. Mrs. Jonty was sitting in front of the kitchen range. She had aged by ten or fifteen years.

Absolute despair was in her voice as

"Aye," said Jonty, "she married me, she did. I won't ever be dead without *summat* happen." The woman looked a bit sheepish, as well she might

she said: "There he is, building a sty when he ought to be dead. It's shameful. Worst on it is, mister, he dunna *want* to die. That there son of his follers him round, so's he dunna want to, no more. He's daft about little Jonty. He says he'll see him married before he dies, now." She rocked herself to and fro in grief. "It'll be me'll die, not the old man out there."

There was nothing I could say to comfort her. In fact, I needed comforting as much as anyone. The man was in my district, I was responsible for him, and branch managers are nothing if not realistic. Back at the office, I decided upon open confession and stated categorically in my report that, in my opinion, now that he was back on his native heath and had a son to live for, Jonty would go on living indefinitely.

The report was filed, years passed, and from time to time I saw by a signature glimpsed on a pay-slip that Jonty was still with us. Then I was promoted to the ~~manager-ship of~~ the Matlock branch and for a year or two I forgot him.

Some time later, you may remember, the old Manifold was absorbed by the Jupiter, whose district office stood in Hanley, in the Five Towns. Compared with Leek and Matlock, Hanley was a brisk, go-ahead town, filled with the latest American systems and the last word in business efficiency. The manager, too, had no small idea of his own importance, a young fellow in striped trousers and morning coat with a stiff collar eating into his pink neck. I disliked him instantly, chiefly because it was his policy to show up the country inspectors of the defunct Manifold. I myself had reverted to the rank of inspector.

I REMEMBER that he came rushing into the inspectors' room one morning waving a white card. "Am I to believe my senses?" he cried. "This card tells me that we are paying an annuity of two guineas a week to a man who last month passed his hundred and twelfth birthday. How do you account for it?"

He handed the card to me. It was Jonty's, of course. I replied: "There's no mistake. I've been dealing with this man since I was twenty. He's ageless. It won't surprise me if he goes on living till he's 200."

The manager was not at first convinced that I was in earnest. When he realized that I was he said: "It's preposterous. I have no intention of letting him ruin the Jupiter as he ruined the Manifold. Mr. Strook, you will take this card and make it your business to see that he *is* dead."

It's quite a pull out to Biddulph Moor from Hanley, but when I got there it was exactly the same—henhouses sheltering under sandstone rocks, grey crawling walls, suspicious shawl-clad women.

Jonty's house was still in splendid repair. A fat sow was wallowing in the sty he had built, lavender bushes lined the path to the front door, and, strange to say, cretonne curtains had been draped round the windows. In those parts curtains were the hall-mark of gentility, not to say of luxury.

A square-faced, square-shouldered boy slipped out as I opened the door. At first I didn't recognize little Jonty. I thought I saw something a wee bit simple in his expression, and I was shocked. But then it was to be expected, for he was the only child of old parents.

Mrs. Jonty was seated at a treadle sewing-machine, which again was a sign of luxury. She seemed in excellent health.

She said: "I thought it was you, mister. You've bin very good to me. When I first saw you I thought you were a pack of robbers, but you've paid me money reg'lar as clockwork."

I felt that we had indeed been very good to her, but I didn't say so. I asked her: "Well, how's your husband?"

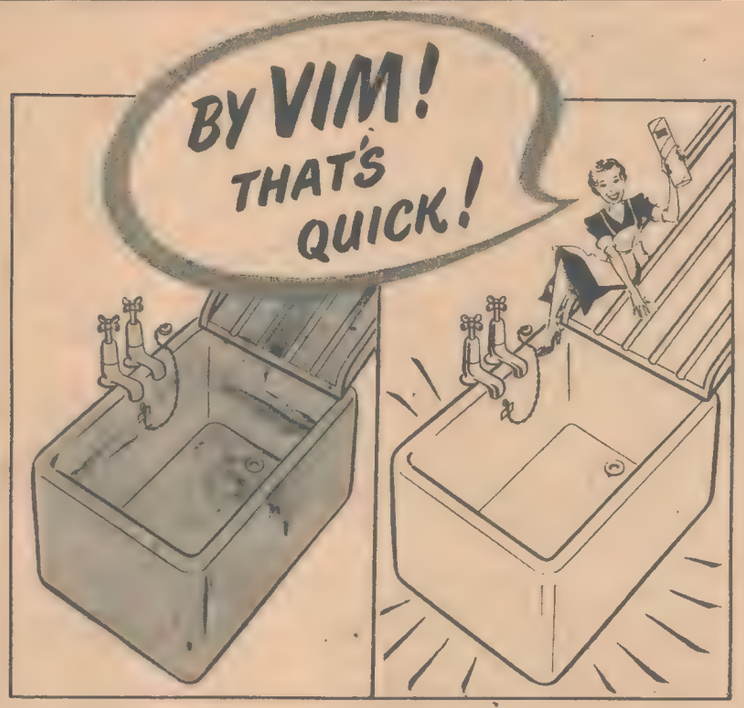
"Husband, you say!" she replied. "Haven't you heard?" When I shook my head she went on: "That beats all, that does. Owd Jonty broke his neck five years back. Towards the end he was getting stronger and healthier, there was no doing owt with un. He'd be living now, cluttering the place up. He was driving me to me grave before me time, when be rights 'twas his'n."

She was growing so indignant that I asked her: "How did it happen?"

"He was up in the loft getting seed potatoes when happen I wanted ladder for cowshed roof. I wasn't gone long. The old man stepped out backwards, and that was that. He was dead before he knowed it. I never seen a corp look so surprised-like." With averted eyes she added innocently: "Well, it was either him or me, and I didna' fancy me."

Hastily I began to inquire about pay-slips and signatures these last five years. She replied quite openly: "Little Jonty's a bit simple, you know, but I showed him to put his name same's his father. Postmistress was a bit awkward first time, but there, I told her, he may be simple, but he's the only Jonty John Sherratt left on moor."

I had a shocking job explaining to her that annuities are not inherited. But it wasn't half so shocking as the job I had explaining everything to the Jupiter's manager. Really, that was why I put in for a transfer to the London office.



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A SORT OF TRAITORS

Continued from page 13

hell not? You're young and attractive. Why hang around here being bored and disgusted? What good do you think it's doing? I could go in somewhere and get every care and attention—far better attention than I get now. And it won't be for long anyhow. . . ." His voice cracked. Lucy waited, but the tears didn't come. She took the toast out from under the grill and said in a matter-of-fact voice, "When I want to go I'll tell you so and go. Till then, why worry?"

"That's right," said Ivor jerkily. "The day that you think it would be nice to get rid of me you'll pack me up in a parcel and put a label on it and post it somewhere. D'you think I don't know that? And until then you'll stay around feeling noble and grand and self-sacrificing. Except when it suits your book to do something else. . . ."

When the food was ready, she carried it to the table and said, "Come on. Supper." Ivor was still standing in the doorway. The tears had come now, and she went over and wiped them off his cheeks and said, "Come on," again.

Ivor said childishly, "I don't want the bloody stuff."

But when she put an arm round him and guided him to his chair he did not resist. Lucy cut up the toast and beans into small pieces and put a forkful to his mouth. His lower jaw was trembling violently. He took the food in and chewed it miserably and feebly, but he took it, and she knew that it would be all right now.

Suddenly Ivor said politely, "D'you mind wiping my eyes again?" She did so and he said, "This business of their bringing me back here from the centre is a mistake. It would be far better if I stayed there till you fetched me."

Lucy took a big, rather shaky breath and said, "Well, we can very easily do that. I've always told you we could."

"It would take you out of your way."

"Only ten minutes."

"There's no real reason why I shouldn't come home by myself. I could have a season ticket in a case sewn on my jacket or something."

Lucy said, "Bit tricky in the rush hour, darling. I'd rather fetch you."

"We could try it. You could come, but you could pretend you weren't with me and see how I got on."

"That'd be rather fun."

It might slip back—there might be more to come before the evening was over. But it looked as though the gin and lime was paid for.

SHOLE was holding a guinea pig and looking carefully at its eyes. Marriott said, "See what I mean?"

"Yes, I think so. In the corners."

Sewell came in and Shole said, "Let's see if the Professor can see it." He handed Sewell the guinea pig and said, "Spot anything funny about the eyes?"

Sewell held it rather a long way away and looked at it. "No," he said. "Looks all right to me."

Marriott said eagerly, "You haven't got your glasses on, sir. If you had. . . ."

"Doesn't make the slightest difference," said Sewell sharply. "I can see well enough. What's supposed to be wrong?"

"Marriott thinks that the corners are inflamed and I thought I could see it too. We may be wrong of course. . . ."

"No," said Marriott quickly. "I'm quite sure they're different."

"Well, what about it?" said Sewell.

Shole said, "That's supposed to be an immune. All the immunes are like that. Off that batch at least."

"How about the controls?"

"They're all right."

Marriott took his glasses off and said, "You see, if the immunes have this and the controls don't, it looks as though there might be a sort of sub-infection. I mean, instead of being clear they might be infected but resistant."

Sewell stared at him unseeingly for a few seconds. He said, "It might be that or it might be any one of about twenty other things. This was just one batch of ten?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, do it again. Do ten batches of ten and see what happens."

Marriott said, "We shan't have enough pigs for that."

"Then go and breed some more. Or buy some. Or steal some. Anyhow, get some facts and then we can talk. Remind me and I'll come and have a look at them." He smiled and added, "With my glasses on."

Marriott blushed and said, "I didn't mean you couldn't see, sir."

"Yes, you did," said Sewell, "and you're quite right. I can't see a damn' thing close to." He handed Marriott the guinea pig and said, "Go on, sweetheart. Increase and multiply."

WHEN Marriott had gone Sewell said, "What a very silly young man that young man is, even as young men go."

"He's very keen," said Shole.

"Oh, yes. Those always are. And he'll probably do an excellent job, as long as he doesn't burn the place down with the best intentions in the world."

"He didn't strike me as being particularly silly then. I thought it was rather well spotted."

"But why did he have to remind me that I can't see?"

"Oh, if you mean he's tactless, of course he is."

"The tact of the elephant and the *nous* of the mouse. What a lot of things education can't do. It's taught him a lot of biology but it hasn't taught him *sense*. Or how to tie his tie properly." Sewell pointed to his pile of typescript on the bench. "I've been through this and I've only one doubt on it. It's the same point that Marriott's raising about those pigs really. I'm not sure that you can say that there's no sign of a sub-infection."

"Well, I did that stuff myself three times and there was no sign. . . ."

"Yes, but the conditions were always the same. Might be different if you'd been exhausted."

"We can easily try it if you like."

"I'd feel happier. Tie it up with what Marriott's going to do on the pigs."

"But with a human subject?"

"That's it."

Shole nodded. "We can do that." He hesitated. "And apart from that you're satisfied?"

"Yes. I've marked two places where I think you're being too positive and about a dozen where the sense needs clarifying. Otherwise it's all right." He turned and smiled at Shole. "In fact, it's a good deal more than all right."

Shole flushed with pleasure. "There's just one thing," he said rather awkwardly. "This has been a team job. I think we ought to mention all the people who've worked on it."

"You mean people like Jackie and Rocker?"

"Yes, and these younger people—Marriott and Miss Byrne."

Sewell shrugged. "As you like. As long as you don't make it too like the start of a film, with about ten minutes of advertising for a lot of people. Put in anybody you like. Did I tell you that we're to be honoured with a visit from Sir Guthrie?"

"Guthrie Brewer? What for?"

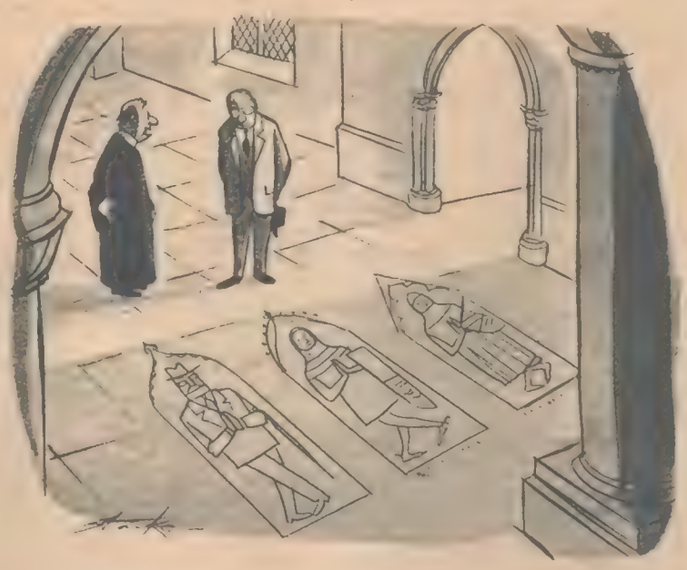
"God knows. He just rang up [illegible] was very matey and asked if he could come and bring a man named Childs."

"The Childs who was at Cambridge?"

"Don't know. I said, 'Isn't this place a bit out of your line?' and he said, 'Not as much as you may think and, anyhow, can we come?' What could I say?"

"Just a friendly visit?"

"I suppose so. Anyhow, he's coming



"Yes, all fourteenth century, except this one"

this afternoon. I shall turn him on to you if he wants to see things. I can't abide the man myself."

"You don't mind what he sees?" said Shole.

"Lord, no. Why should I? There's nothing he can steal. It'd be different if we had any silver teaspoons about."

Shole picked up the typescript and said, "Well, if they're coming I suppose we'd better have a clear up."

"Bunkum!" said Sewell sharply. "This lab.'s well enough kept for a . . . for him. Nobody's to waste a minute more on him than can be helped. I certainly shan't."

"Just as you like," said Shole placidly.

He watched Sewell go back to his office and then turned into the first door in the corridor. Parkin had a colorimeter apart and seemed to be rebuilding it from scratch.

Shole said, "Hallo, Charles." He looked thoughtfully round the room. Apart from the bits of the colorimeter, there were bits of several other unidentifiable things, two dirty teacups and an old pair of shoes on the bench. The floor was festooned with wire.

Shole said, "We're having a visit this afternoon from Sir Guthrie Brewer. The Professor doesn't want a special spit and polish. He just wants Sir Guthrie to see the place as it is." His eyes went to the shoes and from them to the teacups. Parkin's followed. "Is that clear?" said Shole, with his gentle smile.

"Sure," said Parkin, grinning back. "Right away." He rose, picked up the shoes, looked at them for a moment and then, losing interest in them, dropped them into a biscuit tin, opened a cupboard door and propelled the tin inside with a dexterous kick. He pointed to the colorimeter and said, "This is a wonderful gadget, Doc. It'll do in five minutes what used to take me two hours on the other. It always takes half a day to get it working. But think of the saving in labour."

Shole said, "Why d'you want so *much* wire? I never saw such a chap for wire."

AFTER lunch, when they were sitting on a seat in the square, Marriott said, "I don't want to pry into things that don't concern me, but you did say you'd tell me about—about how you spend your time. At home, I mean."

A pigeon with its head on one side was closely examining Lucy's toe. She moved it slightly and the pigeon hopped back a couple of feet.

Lucy said, "Yes, I did." She thought for a moment and then said, "Well—what do you want to know?"

Marriott hesitated. "You're not married by any chance?"

"No."

"Engaged?"

"Not exactly."

He gulped and said, "You live down in Pimlico, don't you?"

"Yes."

"By yourself?"

"No. I live with a man."

There was a long pause. Marriott was looking at her still, but he didn't say anything.

Lucy stirred her foot and the pigeon hopped back again.

"I live," she said in a rather passive, flat voice, "with a man named Ivor Gates, to whom I was once engaged. But I'm not engaged to him any more."

"Then why do you live with him?"

"Because he lost both arms in the war. I met him in 1943. I was nineteen and in my first year at Oxford reading science. My mother had just died and I was as lonely as hell. We got engaged. The idea was that I should go on and get my degree and then when the war was over and he came back we'd get married."

She put her head a little on one side and frowned at the pigeon. "It all worked out beautifully except that they blew Ivor's arms off and then he wouldn't marry me. So there we are. He's completely helpless and somebody's got to look after him. There's no point in getting married because he's a complete mess physically, apart from his arms, and he can't live long. Not more than a few years, anyhow."

She turned and faced him. "That's how it is. So now you see why I can't come out, and have to get home early and so on. During the day he goes to a centre where they teach him how to do some things for himself. I take him in the morning, and now I'm fetching him in the evening."

Marriott said, "I had no idea it was anything like that."

"No," she said indifferently. "It is a bit odd."

There was a long silence.

"It isn't possible for him to—to go

Continued on page 27

"Those Farrow's men are here again; our luck is out of joint. Just watch! Those brutes will pick our fruits right at perfection-point. And while they scan for what to can — the choicest, they assert — we dine in state on second-rate, with windfalls for dessert."

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And then there's C.W.S. goods. Buying them makes a difference, too—a penny less here and a penny less there on one's daily necessities soon mounts up. No, if I've said it once I've said it a hundred times—the Co-op's just my cup of tea!"

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Call it luck, chance or fate

by **HERBERT HODGE**

ONE OF THE THINGS I've never been able to make up my mind about is whether my life's been just a series of accidents or whether it's all part of a pre-arranged plan.

It's a question that no one, so far as I know, has been able to answer—though, of course, a good many people believe they know the answer.

The oddest thing of all, I've often thought, is the way some unimportant act—like turning left instead of right, or stopping to blow your nose, or ringing the wrong door-bell—can have such important consequences.

Looking back over my own life, it seems as if the whole course of it has been governed by chance meetings: by the accident of meeting this person or that, just at the right—or the wrong—moment. And think of the accidental way many of us met the man or woman we married. Or wasn't it an accident? Were we already destined to meet?

Then there's the way an unknown man or woman has brought about an important event by doing, or failing to do, some seemingly unimportant action.

Think what the world owes to that unknown Greek slave, for instance, who poured too much water into Archimedes' bath; so that, when Archimedes got into it, the water came over the top.

As everybody knows, the sight of that displaced water gave Archimedes his great idea. He jumped out of the bath and rushed off without his clothes—to jot down the beginning of a brand-new science (the first principles of hydrostatics) which led, of course,

through thousands of other things, to the hydraulic brakes on the cars of today.

We've always given Archimedes all the credit for this discovery, but if it hadn't been for that unknown chap who put too much water in the bath, Archimedes might never have thought of it.

Then there's the story of Henry Bessemer's sweetheart, and the brain-wave she had. Henry Bessemer, of course, was the man who invented the famous Bessemer steel process; and made a fortune out of it. But as a young engineer, Henry was very poor—so poor that when he wanted to get married he couldn't afford to.

Then he had a bit of luck. He invented a machine for perforating stamps. The Stamp Office at that time calculated that the Government was losing something like £100,000 a year in revenue through people taking the stamps off old legal documents and using them again on new ones—instead of buying new stamps. So when Bessemer put forward his perforating idea to prevent this, the Stamp Office chiefs were delighted. They offered him the job of Superintendent of Stamps, so that he could supervise the new process.

Bessemer told his sweetheart they could get married straightaway. So she was delighted, too. Of course, she wanted to know all the details of his promised job. And after he'd explained how his machine was going to work, she said:

"Yes, but couldn't you stop people

reusing the old stamps by putting the date on them?"

Bessemer jumped at the idea. It was so much simpler than his perforating machine. Yet, apparently, no one had thought of it before. He set to work at once, and made the first movable date-stamp; then took it to the Stamp Office.

The Stamp Office chiefs were even more delighted. They thanked him very much. Then they told him that as this new machine of his was so simple to operate, they wouldn't need his services as superintendent. And when Bessemer asked for some money for the date-stamp, they pointed out that he possessed no patent rights in it, and that he'd given it to them of his own free will. "I am, sir, your obedient servant, etc., etc."

If ever a smart girl did herself a bit of no-good with a bright idea, it was Henry Bessemer's sweetheart.

But maybe it was all for the best. If young Bessemer had got that job in the Stamp Office, he might have settled down there for the rest of his life—and never have invented his steel process and made a fortune.

When I look back over my own life, I sometimes think I can see a pattern, or a purpose, in the long series of unexpected happenings that have led me where I am.

Yet when I look forward to next year—or even to next month, or next week—the future seems to depend on any one of a million chances. As an old cabman, used to the daily gamble of plying for a living, I've long since stopped worrying about it.

And whether life's all chance, or whether it's all destiny, I can't see that it makes much difference to us in the end. By the time we know—if we ever know—it will be much too late to do anything about it.

A SORT OF TRAITORS

Continued from page 25

somewhere where he'll be looked after? I mean to say. . . ."

"Yes. It's quite possible. But he'd hate it."

"But surely it'd be much better for—for you? And for him, I should have thought."

"You may be right."

"Are you in love with him?"

Lucy frowned. "It isn't as simple as that," she said rather irritably.

Marriott took off his glasses and blinked at her averted face. Suddenly he said, "You know, this is all wrong."

"Is it?"

"Of course it is. I'm a—an interested party, but even if I weren't I should still say so."

Lucy glanced at him with a slight smile. He was looking very serious and very handsome. He said, "After all, you've had a scientific training. You know how to think straight. What you're doing may make you feel very grand and self-sacrificing. But socially it's inexcusable. One has no right to these emotional luxuries."

"Why is it inexcusable?"

"Because it's sacrificing a fit, useful member of society for a—a person of no social value." He flushed uncomfortably. "I know that sounds pretty foul. Of course one's frightfully sorry for your—your friend. But one simply must put aside sentimentality and face these things. Society can never get anywhere if it wastes all its time and energy on. . . . I mean, carrying in the wounded under fire wins V.C.s but it never won a battle."

Lucy said nothing. Marriott put his glasses on again and said, "The truth is that you're being thoroughly self-indulgent. You don't realize it, of course, but you are. You scamp your work to get back to him. . . ."

"And I can't come to the pictures when I want to."

Marriott flushed and rose to his feet. "I'm sorry," he said stiffly. "I thought we knew one another better than that."

Lucy said, "Yes. That was very childish of me."

Marriott sat down again. "If I may say so," he said, "that's the trouble with you. You're so—so *young* in the way you think about these things."

Lucy looked at him sharply, and then slowly turned back and poked a toe at the inquisitive pigeon.

SHOLE took out his pipe and slowly filled it. "The main idea is to see whether we get any trace of a sub-infection under 80-40 conditions with a subject who's pretty exhausted. We either didn't get it or didn't notice it when Seaton and I did the original 80-40 work, but then we were at rest. I thought I'd give Marriott a pretty good go on the stationary bicycle in the hot room and then put the flies on him."

"I suppose there's no chance of his getting a real packet?" said Sewell.

"I shouldn't think so. The flies bit Seaton and me all right and nothing happened at all. Nothing's ever happened with the pigs except this very slight eye inflammation. The only chance is that exhaustion will help the sub-infection. But I should be very surprised if it made it virulent. We shall watch it, of course."

"You say Marriott wants to do it?"

"Yes. I was going to, but he was very insistent, so. . . ."

"It'd be a waste of your time, anyhow," Sewell reflected. "If there were a nice war on we could have used a pacifist volunteer." He looked up and said suddenly, "Marriott's rather like those boys in some ways, isn't he?"

"Like the pacifists? Why?"

"Looks like them and—and has the same manner. I always think of them as being fair and looking very young and a bit over-serious."

"The ones I had were a very mixed bag," said Shole. "I shouldn't have said that they were very like anybody."

"No. Of course it's all nonsense to say they were all fair. But there was something that they'd all got. . . ."

"They'd all got guts," said Shole. "Maybe that was it. I always think some of the things they did were—were very gutful. Not the dangerous things. The bits like sleeping in blankets infected with scabies. Because they hated it, you know."

"Oh, yes, they'd got guts. But it wasn't that. It was that they were trying to—to prove something to themselves. You look at Marriott some time. When he's being serious. There's the same air of—of——"

"If there were any justice," said Shole, "one ought to be allowed to use ardent militarists for experiments in peacetime, if one uses pacifists in war. But I suppose they wouldn't volunteer."

MARRIOTT was wearing running shorts and a singlet. He said, "Hail, Caesar, Those about to die salute thee." He was one of those people who look bigger without their clothes. In his white overall he was shapeless and scholarly. Stripped, he had a deep chest and a narrow waist.

Lucy said, "Take your glasses off. They spoil the Greek effect. We've got some absolutely ravenous flies for you."

She could say that and not mind. Nobody else minded, and it was ridiculou that he should.

Shole and Parkin were in the hot room. Parkin was messing about with the revolution counter on the stationary bicycle. He was still wearing all his clothes and his white overall, and the sweat was running off him.

Shole said, "It's about ninety degrees in here now. I want to keep it steady at that. Keep going at about a hundred to the minute and in about three hours you'll be quite a nice fatigue subject. Right at the end we'll do an exhaled air analysis just to see how you're doing, and then we'll put the flies on."

Marriott nodded, climbed on to the stationary bicycle, and gave the pedals a few tentative pushes. They turned smoothly but rather heavily, quite unlike a real bicycle. The room felt like a turkish bath.

The revolution counter flickered to and fro between ninety-five and a hundred and five.

After a time, left by himself in the room and still pedalling, he lost the sensation of his legs going round and round. They seemed to go straight up and down like piston rods. The rag round his forehead wasn't working very well and his eyes were stinging with the sweat, so he kept them closed. Sometimes, still pedalling, he took his hands off the rests and sat upright and wiped his palms on his shorts. But his shorts were soaked now and only made his palms wetter.

He heard the whirr as Shole switched on the fan, and remembered the vulgar illusion that a fan cooled the air. He rode for some time to the rhythm of "vulgar - illusion," "vulgar - illusion," "vulgar-illusion."

The sweat was stinging his eyes very badly. He opened them and looked blearily at the glass panel. Parkin was looking in. Marriott signalled to him and pointed to his eyes and dabbed at them in pantomime. Parkin grinned broadly and nodded, but obviously didn't understand. After a while he waved and went away.

Marriott tried to get his head round so as to wipe his eyes on the short arm of his singlet. But the singlet was wet through and it only made them worse.

He glanced down at his wrist watch and found that he had only been going

just over half an hour. Yet already the effort of not thinking about it was beginning to be too much. The only thing was to consider it calmly, as he had always known it would be. A cage of infected flies would be fastened on his forearm. He said it aloud in a low voice, so as to hear himself say the words. "A cage of infected flies."

The revolution counter flickered up to 120, and he had to slow down and to say it again and again with his eyes on the counter, to make sure that he could say it and still keep pedalling absolutely smoothly and regularly. The flies would thrust their maxillae into the arm. You might feel that, but usually you didn't. Then they would suck with the labia and that was all. He looked down at his arm. The skin was pale and had a down of gold hairs.

But on the inside it was smooth and the blue veins showed through it as though the flesh was transparent. He saw the wire cage on it, and the flies inside fixed on his arm by their heads in their obscene way, and suddenly he half-retched. He put up a hand to his forehead. It was clammily cold, not hot.

But the sickness had gone again for the moment, and he started doggedly again in a low voice, keeping his eyes on the rev. counter. "A cage of infected flies. . . ."

It was the only way. To keep on rubbing your own nose in it. Like taking smears of your own blood. It didn't hurt. But there was the moment of jabbing the lancet in. He couldn't make up his mind to do it, and Mr. Rawson was looking at him with that thin, pale, sneering face. "You'll never make a scientist, Marriott, if you make such a fuss about pricking your finger." He had gone away and jabbed with the lancet below his fingernail a dozen times—jabbed till his finger was sore even though he only wanted one smear.

That was like the flies jabbing in their maxillae and then settling down to suck.

It came again in his throat and again he swallowed it back. He had been going three-quarters of an hour, and in two and a quarter hours' time he would finish and they would put the cage on.

It was just the price you paid. He knew that he could pay it and a tremendous happiness came up through the waves of nausea. The young experimental biologist, covered in cold sweat, paying the price for those people in the street—for the others—the laymen. The rev. counter was flickering on 120 again, and he slowed down carefully until it hovered round the hundred, and started again. "A cage of infected flies. . . ."

SIR GUTHRIE BREWER looked like the junior partner in a successful firm of solicitors. His greying hair and his perfectly cut dark suit gave confidence and a sense of maturity; his brown, rather handsome, youthful face a promise of energy.

He smiled broadly and easily without bothering to use anything but his mouth. Nobody could deny that he was an able man; and, in fact, nobody even tried to deny it. They just admitted it and added other clauses.

At the beginning of the war he had left the chair of physics in a provincial university to advise somebody on something; at the end of it he had been knighted and had remained in Government service to advise everybody on everything. His scientific reputation stood high with the Cabinet and the popular Press.

Sewell was not a member of the Cabinet nor a reader of the popular Press. Brewer came in and shook hands with him and smiled at him with steady eyes, like a well-trained life-insurance salesman, and said, "Hallo, Sewell. It's good to see you again. This is Frank Childs."

Sewell nodded to the very small man with the very sharp nose and said, "Let's see—you know Dr. Shole?"

Brewer said, "I don't think we have met," and shook Shole's hand. He turned to Sewell and said, "It's very good of you to let us come."

Sewell said, "That's all right. The most improbable people drop in."

Brewer laughed as though someone had made a joke and said confidentially, "Well, now, look here—I'd better tell you right away why I rang you up." He took out his pipe and jabbed it sharply into the schoolboy face. "I was talking to Frederickson the other day, and he happened to mention that you were doing some pretty startling work here."

Sewell said, "Frederickson——?" and raised his eyebrows.

"Oh, of course he didn't know much about it. It's no more in his line than it is in mine. But he told me vaguely the sort of thing you were doing—which, to my shame, I didn't know before."

"Why should you?" said Sewell blandly. "I've no idea what *you're* doing."

"That's slightly different. You're one of the chaps who do the work. There's no need for you to worry about anyone else. But I'm just a parasite. I just flutter round and advise my masters, God bless them, on everything going on."

"So I understood," said Sewell. He lit his pipe. "How d'you manage," he said with polite interest, "when it's something you don't know anything about?"

Brewer smiled. "Luckily I'm working with people who *do* know something about most things." He jerked his head towards the little man. "That's why I asked if I could bring Dr. Childs along. Anyhow, this is the point. You realize that we've got a lot of work of one kind and another going on that. . . ." He lowered his voice a trifle. "Well, that we don't shout from the house tops?"

"I hoped so."

"Well, from what Frederickson told me and from other bits and pieces that I've heard, I think there's a slight danger of our crossing wires."

There was a moment's pause.

Sewell said, "You mean that you're doing similar work to what we're doing here?"

"Not altogether. And certainly not from the same point of view. Let's say something that may be—complementary. So it seemed to me that the only thing was to come to you and put our cards on the table and suggest that we might get together."

Shole said, "What are you doing exactly?"

Brewer glanced at Childs. "That's the snag. I can't tell you until I'm sure that—that I must." He turned to Sewell. "This all sounds frightfully phoney, Sewell. I'm sorry. But, frankly, the stuff we're working on is very hot from a security point of view, and I couldn't tell even you without permission from my masters."

Sewell said, "That isn't putting cards on the table. That's just making us dummy."

Brewer laughed very heartily and said, "Oh, nice. Very nice."

Sewell stared at him reflectively for a moment. "Well," he said, "we've nothing to hide. In fact, if you like to wait a month or so you can have the lot. We've got a paper going off for publication now and it's all in that."

Brewer said sharply, "It's not gone yet?"

"No. But it's ready to go."

Brewer and Childs exchanged quick glances.

Brewer said slowly, "That's fine. Well, now, are you prepared to let Childs skim through that paper before—before it goes off?"

Sewell said, "We could send him a pull of it if he likes."

"No. That's rather the point. I'd particularly like him to see it today."

Sewell shrugged. "All right," he said rather irritably. "I don't see that it matters." He suddenly stood up and said to Shole, "Take Sir Guthrie and Dr. Childs and show them the damn paper and anything else they want to see."

PROFESSOR SEWELL stood staring out of the window. His pipe had gone out but he still had it clenched in his teeth. It was quivering slightly.

Brewer said, "Nobody could regret this more than I do, Sewell."

"Just tell me *what* it is you regret," said Sewell. "I haven't quite got it yet."

"Well—I'm afraid this will interfere with your plans for publication."

"How will it?"

"I've told you."

"No, you haven't. All you've told me is that your man thinks our work has got a bearing on yours and that yours is very hush-hush."

Brewer nodded in silence.

"Well, so what?" said Sewell impatiently. "Are you suggesting that you can stop me from publishing?"

Brewer said, "I don't want to talk about 'stopping' you. But from what Childs says I certainly think we should *ask* you not to publish."

"And supposing I just tell you to go to hell?"

"Look," said Brewer, "you're talking as though this were just me. Or me and Childs. Forget us. You've got something here which has a bearing on the safety of the country. . . ."

"Bunkum!" said Sewell rudely.

"I assure you it isn't bunkum. I wish it were."

"The trouble with you boys who get mixed up in defence work is that you can't think about anything but wars." Sewell wheeled sharply. "What we've done here is to make some fairly original studies of the mechanism of epidemic. Even now we don't know much about it. We just know a little more than the next man. If our work has any meaning at all, it's that the hygiene boys may eventually be able to take it and apply it so as to save hundreds of thousands of lives."

HE snapped his fingers. "Now you come along and say, 'Oh, but disease could be used as a weapon. If you publish, some potential enemy would learn more about disease, and he might turn it upside down and use your knowledge against us.'" He gave a loud snort. "Damn it, man, it's lunacy!"

Brewer shrugged. "It's a lunatic world!"

"Maybe. But can't you see where this is taking us? If what you say is true, all medical research is a defence weapon and must be kept a dead secret in case it strengthens someone else."

Brewer hesitated. "What you've got here is. . . . Of course, you've been thinking of it purely from the point of view of preventing epidemics. But surely you can see that you've only got to turn it upside down to get some damned useful information on how to cause them?"

"And you really suggest," said Sewell slowly, "that in the middle of the twentieth century there are scientists who'll read that paper and rub their hands and say, 'Boy—this shows us how to start a typhoid epidemic?'"

"I don't just suggest it. I know it."

"Well, with due respect, I should need more than your say-so before I believed that."

There was a long pause. Then Brewer

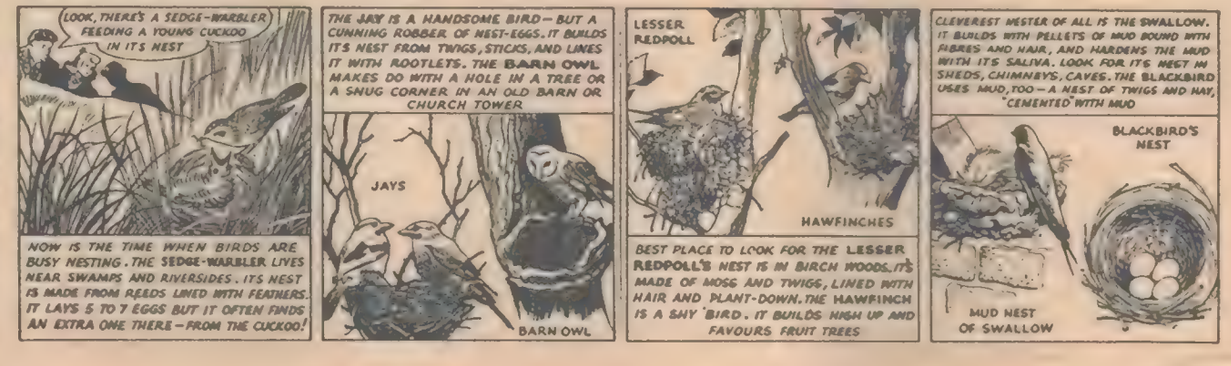
Continued on page 30

THIS WEEK'S COVER

WARTIME Land Girl Xenia Barclay painted this impression of the Regent's Park Open Air Theatre in London after watching a performance there of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. She spent two hours watching the play. Then she went home and worked out a "rough" from memory, afterwards going back to the theatre to check details.

UNCLE ANDY

Home's What They Make It


LOOK, THERE'S A SEDGE-WARBLER FEEDING A YOUNG CUCKOO IN ITS NEST
NOW IS THE TIME WHEN BIRDS ARE BUSY NESTING. THE SEDGE-WARBLER LIVES NEAR SWAMPS AND RIVERSIDES. ITS NEST IS MADE FROM REEDS LINED WITH FEATHERS. IT LAYS 5 TO 7 EGGS BUT IT OFTEN FINDS AN EXTRA ONE THERE—FROM THE CUCKOO!
THE JAY IS A HANDSOME BIRD—BUT A CUNNING ROBBER OF NEST-EGGS. IT BUILDS ITS NEST FROM TWIGS, STICKS, AND LINES IT WITH ROOTLETS. THE BARN OWL MAKES DO WITH A HOLE IN A TREE OR A SNUG CORNER IN AN OLD BARN OR CHURCH TOWER
JAYS
BARN OWL
LESSER REDPOLL
HAWFINCHES
BEST PLACE TO LOOK FOR THE LESSER REDPOLL'S NEST IS IN BIRCH WOODS. IT'S MADE OF MOSS AND TWIGS, LINED WITH HAIR AND PLANT-DOWN. THE HAWFINCH IS A SHY BIRD. IT BUILDS HIGH UP AND FAVOURS FRUIT TREES
CLEVEREST NESTER OF ALL IS THE SWALLOW. IT BUILDS WITH PELLETS OF MUD BOUND WITH FIBRES AND HAIR, AND HARDENS THE MUD WITH ITS SALIVA. LOOK FOR ITS NEST IN SHEDS, CHIMNEYS, CAVES. THE BLACKBIRD USES MUD, TOO—A NEST OF TWIGS AND HAY, "CEMENTED" WITH MUD
BLACKBIRD'S NEST
MUD NEST OF SWALLOW

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2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated July 9 and in JOHN BULL dated July 16, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

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Round The World	Her Rule
The Task We Face	Made It Up
Opportunity Knocked	According To The Label
Mars [And	On The Films
Hate And Greed	Getting Shaky
If I Were Young Again	In The Deep Blue Sea
Summer's Here, So	**Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions**
Thing That Lasts	Man Without.....
Worshipped	Trying To Be.....
Value For Money	Squashed The.....
Breath Of Romance	All .....Got
Father's Pig	Surrounded By.....
To Our M.P.	Somebody In The.....
A Bit Irish	

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Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 25 entrants. Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded to all 2nd Runners-up. In addition, Winner and 1st Runners-up receive 20-lb. Food Parcels.

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WONDERFUL PLACE LITTERED — *Beauty* "THROWN AWAY."

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THIRD PRIZE, £25: J. Walley, 16 Thornley Road, Tunstall, Stoke-on-Trent: "HOW BRAVE YOU ARE!" —"RESCUED" SONNY FROM TEARS.

OTHER AWARDS. £20: N. W. Flowers, "Viewfield," Pelton, Chester-le-Street: BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS—"SHUTTLECOCK" OF "DOVE'S" FEATHERS! £18: Mrs. A. Legg, 116 Arden Road, Birmingham, 27: NEEDN'T BE HEAVYWEIGHT — CONTEST — *Share* WORLD'S "PURSE"! £16: L. M. Stone, 16 Brookside Avenue, Southampton: IN A GLASS CASE—MAGNA CARTA—ATLANTIC CHARTER? £14: J. A. Parker, 44 Hospital Street, Walsall: BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS—TO PUB, EXPLAINED "RUT." £12: H. Strong, 12 Stepgates, Chertsey: "HOW STRONG YOU ARE!"—MADE FIREMAN *Drop* AUNTIE! £10: J. W. A. Deighton, 7 Lime Tree Avenue, New Earswick, York: BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS—WITHOUT VISAS, STEP "FORWARD." £10: J. Vick, c/o 9 Council Houses, Ponteland, Newcastle-on-Tyne: THE COMMON MAN—APPRECIATES PHILIP "DRIVING HIMSELF."

For five winners of £9 and five of £8 see last week's "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*.

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FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square..

XWORD 637

Across Clues

1. Existence of this may cheapen first-class dwelling-house
3. They gain extra support as they spread
5. Many amateurs find this in garden
6. People don't always regard an expert as one
7. Good workman sometimes gets this before job's done
8. Certain ears do this
11. This of pearls from her sweetheart may well prevent a girl from getting to sleep for a while
13. Social climber usually feels elated when recognized by

Down Clues

2. May well be expected to see Britain through, when she is in trouble
4. It's not all beer and skittles for a man who's taken this
6. Will nearly always respond to the right treatment
7. You see many fruiterers' shops without any these
9. This is a particular kind of course
10. People are on the whole getting used to this Government's restrictions dealing with these
12. When used as a tool is better if not too sharp

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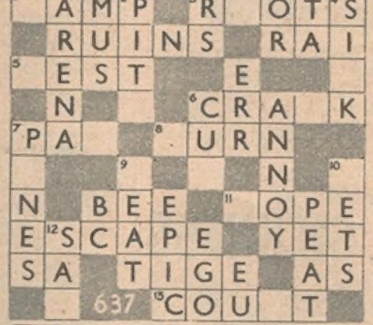

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
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In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink, not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated July 2.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

I enclose P.O. value.....

No.....

637 Closing Postmark MON., JUNE 20

Signed .....

Address .....

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.....

A SORT OF TRAITORS

Continued from page 28

said, "Well, look here—it boils down to this. I think your work could be a danger if it's published. You think that's crazy. Who's to decide between us?"

"Nobody," said Sewell briefly. "It happens to be my work and I'm not particularly interested in your opinions."

Brewer sighed. He said: "Look, I don't like this any more than you do."

"Then why do it? I didn't ask you."

"Because it's my job."

"Then get another. Try scientific research. Interesting work."

Brewer said, "All right. If you will have it like that." He stood up and said formally, "I must report officially on this visit, Sewell, and in the meantime I must ask you for an assurance that you won't try to publish that paper or communicate its contents to anybody."

Sewell smiled his brightest smile. "And if I don't take your orders?"

"They won't be my orders. I don't give orders. I only advise. But if you want to fight the Government. . . ." He broke off and said wearily, "Oh, come, Sewell. I don't have to reel off a lot of stuff about the Official Secrets Act."

THEY looked at one another for a moment in silence. Then Sewell said quietly, "I don't know anything about the Official Secrets Act, but I don't imagine they let you walk round and apply it to anything you like,—whether you understand it or not. I shall go right ahead as though you'd never been here."

"You mean you'll send that paper off. I'd rather you didn't. . . ."

"I dare say."

". . . because I'd prefer it not to go in the post. You must realize that none of the normal journals will publish it."

"What makes you think that?"

Brewer sighed. "Because of course we shall get in touch with them and tell them not to publish anything from here without consulting us. You don't seem to realize that this is important."

He glanced at Sewell's face and said hastily, "I think you'd better come and see my master, you know, Sewell. I can see you're—you're getting it all wrong."

To be continued next week

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Post Office Savings

R. T. (Dorchester): Owing to staff shortage, the Post Office is unable to allow savings books to be sent in for the entry of interest as frequently as before the war.

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